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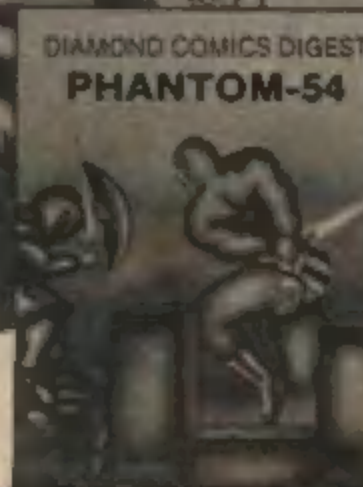
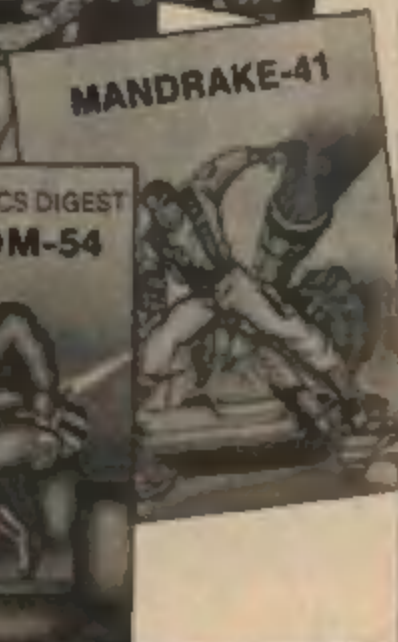
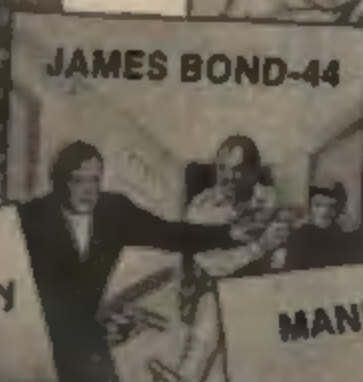
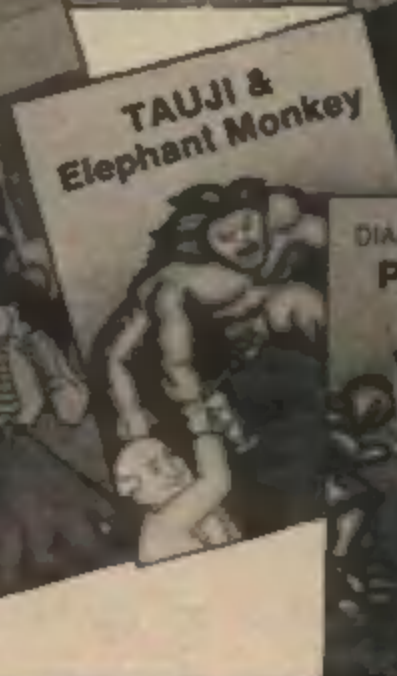
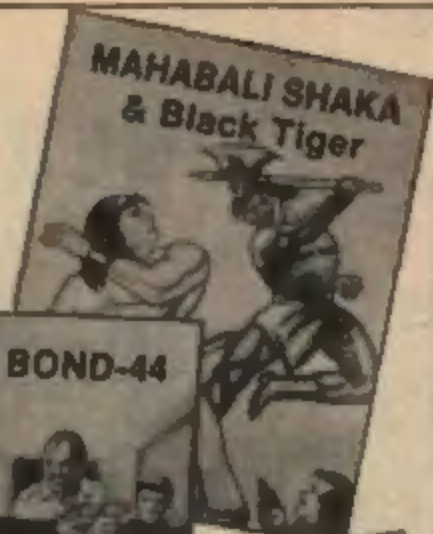


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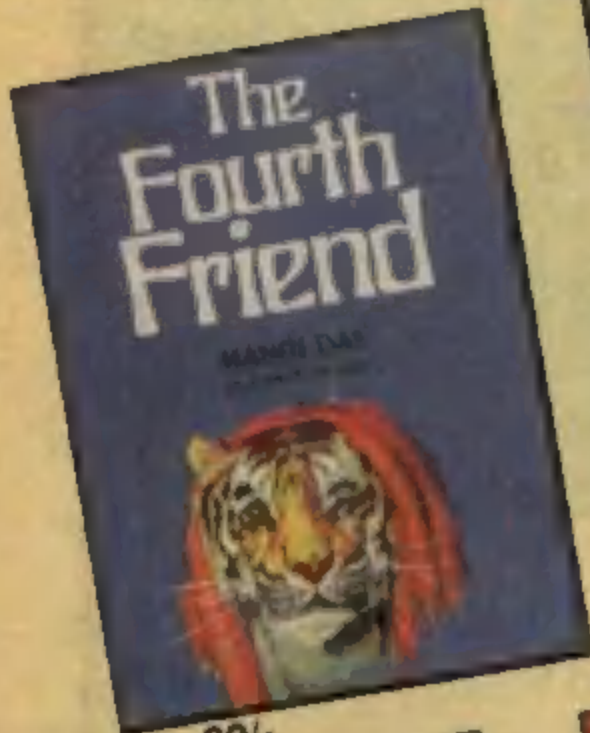
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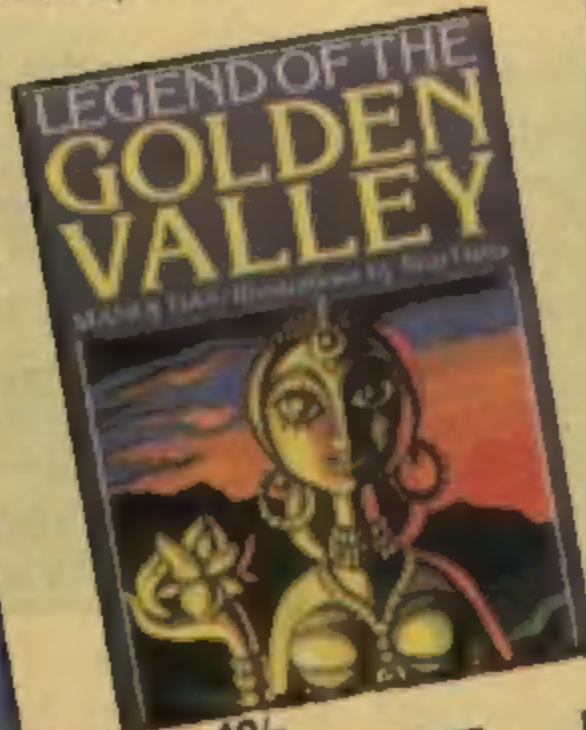


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CHANDAMAMA

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THE GURU AND SHISHYA : Manmatha of Mantrapuri maintains an ashram, which attracts students from all over the kingdom. He is well-known for his erudition and intellect. Sivanath goes to him and requests him to take him as a student. The famous teacher agrees, but stipulates one condition. The young man cannot join the other students who are already advanced in their studies. Instead, he should stay with the guru and serve him for sometime till he finds the youngster ready to receive lessons in the *Vedas* and *Upanishads*. Sivanath checks with the other students. Did they also undergo the same exercise?

THE NEED TO SHOW OFF : Sujaya and Vijaya are close friends. They go for odd jobs but manage to earn enough for maintaining their families. They are forced to leave their village because of drought and go to the town in search of work. They succeed in getting jobs which fetch them a decent income. Both of them save money and suddenly wish to return to their village. Vijaya does not want to go empty-handed. He must carry a lot of gifts for his family about which others in the village will speak. How does Sujaya respond?

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Founder
CHAKRAPANI



Controlling Editor :
NAGI REDDI

Fitting a square peg in a round hole

The successive governments which ruled the country since Independence, for the past fifty years, enlarged educational facilities by opening more schools and colleges and forming several new universities. An attempt was also made to introduce newer subjects of study to help students enter a vocation.

Unfortunately, there was no parallel increase in employment opportunities, with the result, the country was burdened with the problem of educated unemployment. Of course, this state of affairs exists in other countries also. In the U.S.A., for instance, the educated unemployed receive a dole from the government. It is often light-heartedly said that they go in their cars to receive this allowance!

A pertinent question, as an example, was raised the other day at a conference: Does someone trained as a teacher need to waste his time waiting for a job? Can't he think of changing his line and try to fit himself in a job that may come his way?

These are days of self-employment and people should create opportunities for themselves. All those who have completed a stage of their education and do not plan to study any further must seriously contemplate this approach to employment. A square peg can be chiselled to fit in a round hole.



A WINDOW ON THE WORLD

THE THREE KIMS OF SOUTH KOREA

In South Korea, it was Kim versus Kim versus Kim. In the April 11 elections to the 15th National Assembly, the ruling New Korea Party of President Kim Young Sam got 139 seats out of 299, while the main opposition party, National Congress for New Politics, led by Mr. Kim Dae Jung, won in 79 seats, and the third major party, the United Liberal Democrats of Mr. Kim Jong Pil got nearly 50 seats.

Out of the 299 seats, 46 are to be filled by proportional representation. The ruling party won 121 seats in the elections and gained 18 from proportional representation. The 139 was 10 short of the total 149 seats it had won in the 1991 elections – even then one short of absolute majority (150). The National Congress had expected at least 100 seats, but its tally was only 79, including 13 from proportional representation.

President Kim Young Sam is certain to get the support of at least 11 of the 16 independents to ensure absolute majority to stay in power. At one stage it looked as though he might lose. Two weeks before the elections, there were military incursions by arch enemy North Korea which met with strong condemnation by the major nations of the world.

This resulted in a swing in favour of the ruling party. If the National Congress had secured the expected 100, that would have been enough to hinder constitutional changes, if any, brought forward by the ruling party. This would have naturally led to a constitutional crisis.

Political analysts put it this way: if President Kim did not do well, Mr. Kim Dae Jung did miserably. As the Korean Constitution does not permit a second term for the President, Mr. Kim Young Sam will have to muster enough strength to put up a candidate of the ruling party for the 1997 elections to the post of President. Mr. Kim Young Sam will, however, continue as President till 1998.

Meanwhile, in less than a week after the elections, the U.S. President Bill Clinton visited South Korea on April 16 and held discussions with Mr. Kim Young Sam on Cheju Island and made the ROK-U.S. joint announcement to hold a four-party meeting to promote peace in the Korean Peninsula – the four parties being the Republic of Korea (South), the Democratic People's Republic of Korea (North), China, and the U.S.A. The announcement stated that "a stable, permanent peace is the task of the Korean people and ROK and DPRK should take the lead in search of a permanent peace."

Long time ago, there was only one Korea. The world waits for the day to see a unified Korea.





Servant, not King

Vikramsen of Vikaspuri was different from many other rulers. He cared so much for the welfare of his subjects. In fact, he did not consider himself a King, but a servant of the people. He abhorred extravagance and lived a simple life.

The royal palace was a massive building. It had nearly fifty rooms and a durbar hall and a separate hall for dance performances. There were five pools and ponds too. He had a hundred men and fifty women to look after the palace and the needs of the people staying in the palace. Besides twenty soldiers to guard the place.

Soon after he ascended the throne, Vikramsen converted this huge palace into a cultural centre, using only the minimum number of rooms for the royal household. The rest of the rooms were utilised for training people in different arts and handicrafts. The centre attracted artists from other

kingdoms, and they pursued painting, music, dance, and other art forms and disciplines. The royal apartments in one corner were modest looking, devoid of gaudy decorations and items of ostentation.

The *swayamvara* of Princess Kamini of Kanaknagar was announced. Vikramsen decided to attend the ceremony. The bride was ushered in and she was going round listening to the description of each suitor and his achievements. The moment she saw Vikramsen, Kamini fell in love with the handsome-looking prince and she put the garland on his neck.

Vikramsen caught hold of her hand and led her to the King of Kanaknagar. "From now onwards, Kamini is my wife. I don't want any costly gifts or dowry and I want her to come with me in just her bridal dress."

"Our tradition is different," protested the King of Kanaknagar. "When

we send away our princesses to their husbands' places, they would be accompanied by whatever we give them. You should not deprive Kamini of all that. That'll be unfair."

"Your wealth has come from your subjects," said Vikramsen. "That should go back to the people, and not given away as gifts and dowry. If you have acquired any wealth of your own, you are free to share it with your daughter."

"You mean to say, what you enjoy in Vikaspuri is only what your father had acquired and not what he had inherited?" observed the King of Kanaknagar.

"That's correct," confirmed Vikramsen. "I'm enjoying what I've acquired. And for ruling the kingdom I spend what the people give me. It goes back to them in other forms. I'm only their salaried servant, and my needs are met from the income I earn."

The other suitors were all listening to this interesting conversation. "So, Kamini, too, will be a servant of the people of Vikaspuri from tomorrow!" some of them ridiculed the princess turning to her father.

The King could not tolerate it any longer. "My daughter made a mistake. You're no prince but a sanyasi. I don't think she'll be able to live a simple life

with you, having enjoyed a comfortable life in Kanaknagar."

"Father! I've made my choice, and I'm not going to change that," said Kamini. "I've accepted him as my husband. Hence forth, I shall abide by whatever he says. That's the duty of a loyal wife." Kamini went with Vikramsen in the dress she was wearing then.

When she saw the royal apartments in Vikaspuri, she was taken aback. "Is this where we have to stay?"

"Yes, Kamini, I can't afford a huge mansion," said Vikramsen. "A big place will need a big retinue of servants and I can't keep them from the meagre income I earn. I'm the ruler here, so I'm King. If a woman rules a country, she becomes queen. Here, you're not a queen, but only my wife. So you need more than this simple abode?"

Kamini was not quite happy, but she did not reveal, her unhappiness. After all, her greatest possession was her husband. Would she need more than that? From then on, she too toiled along with the servants. She had to fend for herself, as she was not given any maids to help her.

One day she told Vikramsen: "I find it difficult to pass time. There's none with whom I can talk. There's n

entertainment."

To which Vikramsen said: "Don't waste time. There are a lot of books in the library. Read them and increase your knowledge. Also learn a hobby. That'll become useful. That way you can get over boredom."

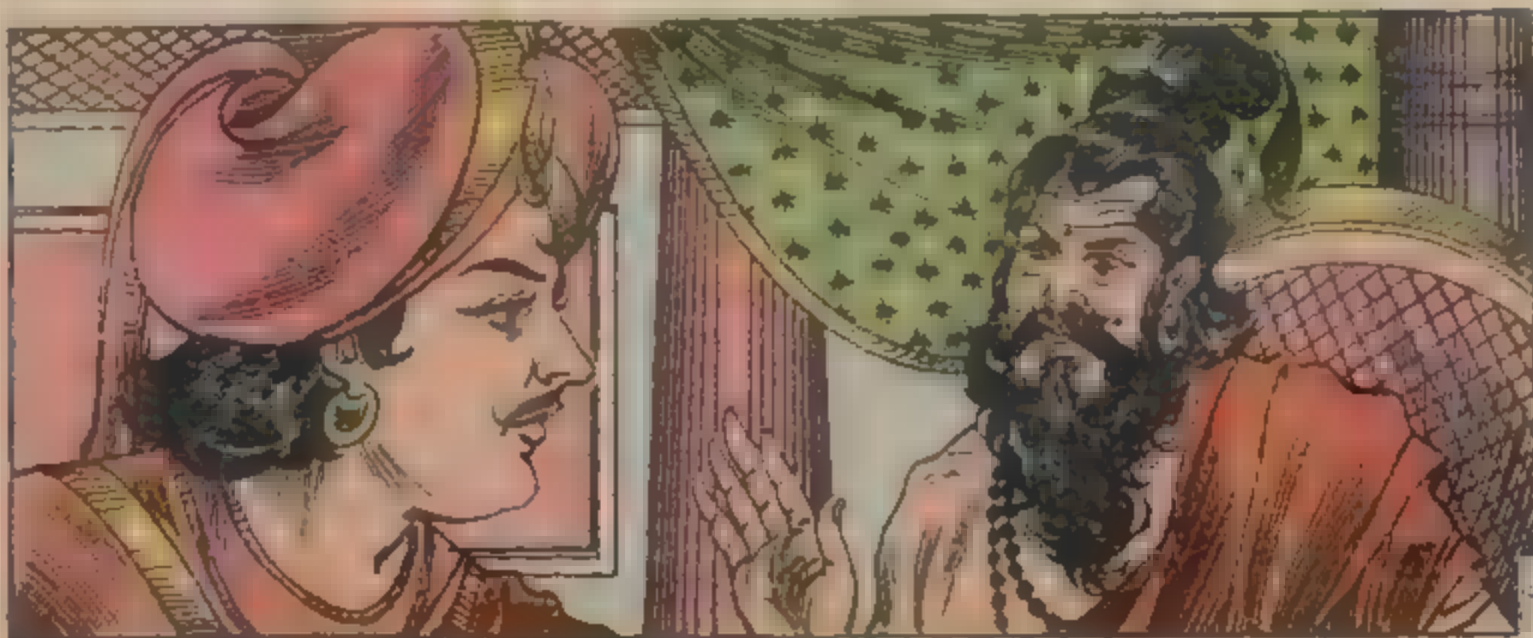
Kamini accepted her husband's advice and directions. Meanwhile, Vikramsen personally administered the kingdom. His officials followed his example and the country enjoyed peace and prosperity.

One day a sage arrived in Vikaspuri. He disclosed the purpose of his visit. "I was doing *tapas* in the Himalayas. One day, god appeared before me and said: "You should go and fulfil the only desire of King of Dharmsheel. He loves his people very much. In fact he's even prepared to die for him." I obeyed the divine command and searched for King Dharmsheel. You know what he said? "My people are enjoying prosperity.

I'm a rajrishi and I don't have any desires to fulfil. A greater sacrifice is being made by King Vikramsen. You may go to him."

Vikramsen listened to the sage, and said: "O sage! My only wish is that my people should lead a happy and contented life. And for that, I'm toiling every moment of my life. For that I don't seek any help or blessing from god."

"Your ideals are very noble indeed," the sage remarked. "Anyway, here's a figurine, which has some mysterious powers, and not divine powers. It will fulfil whatever you wish for, provided you place it upright. The rest of the time let it lie down. You would never feel that you don't have enough wealth to meet your own needs, as you don't want to touch the people's money. You're a greater ruler than Dharmsheel. You deserve this more than he, that's why I'm giving this to you."



This Thirteen is not unlucky!

A dozen is twelve; but what ■ the baker's dozen? asks Brij Mohan of Kota, Rajasthan.

In good old days, when bakers made bread, they would not normally check the weight of each loaf of bread, though a loaf was expected to be of a minimum weight. Not wishing to be accused of selling loaves of less weight, the baker willingly gave 13 loaves whenever a customer asked for a dozen. The extra loaf would thus compensate for any reduction in weight. However, in usage the expression 'dozen' was common and accepted, though for thirteen, one would not express it as the baker's dozen.

Who ■ ■ green horn? asks Varalakshmi of Ongole, Andhra Pradesh.

It takes time for the calf to grow its horns. When they start growing, the animal is generally called ■ green horn, to mean that the calf will be unaware of the metamorphosis taking place on its body and of the advantages and uses of the horns. People lacking in experience or worldly knowledge are sometimes described ■ green horns. They will be vulnerable to cheating and have, therefore, to be cautious or alert. In the U.S.A., ■ new immigrant is generally called a green horn.

Jayanthi Gopal, of Santa Cruz, Bombal (now re-named ■ Mumbai) writes: Recently I appeared for the public exam and was studying hard to do my best in all the papers. I heard my grandfather tell his friends, "Oh, Jayanthi? She is burning midnight oil these days." What did he mean by that?

For the origin of this expression, we must go back to the days when there was no electricity and electric lights. That was a time when lamps, like hurricane lanterns using kerosene and brass lamps using wicks and groundnut oil were common in homes. At bed time, these lamps would be put out. But if anybody wanted to work or study after bedtime, the lamps would be kept burning till the person was ready to go to bed. This was described as "burning midnight oil," to mean that someone was trying to keep awake working or studying hard. It was taken as a compliment after the advent of electricity.

Gowrishankar, of Mangalore, Karnataka, wants ■ know the origin of the expression 'open sesame'.

Every child must be familiar with the story "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" in the *Arabian Nights*. The phrase is often used in the story as magical words of command to open the mouths of caves. The expression is nowadays used for indicating that a difficult job has been or can be achieved. Look at this statement: A mere university degree is no longer ■ open sesame to acquiring ■ good job.



CHANDAMAMA

Golden Hour

THE DEATH MAZE

PRINCE UDAYANA IS
CAPTURED BY THE
FIERCE GHORI TRIBALS

OWI
I CAN'T
SEE!

MAGIC MADE
YOU BLIND!
YOU'LL DIE
AT SUNSET!

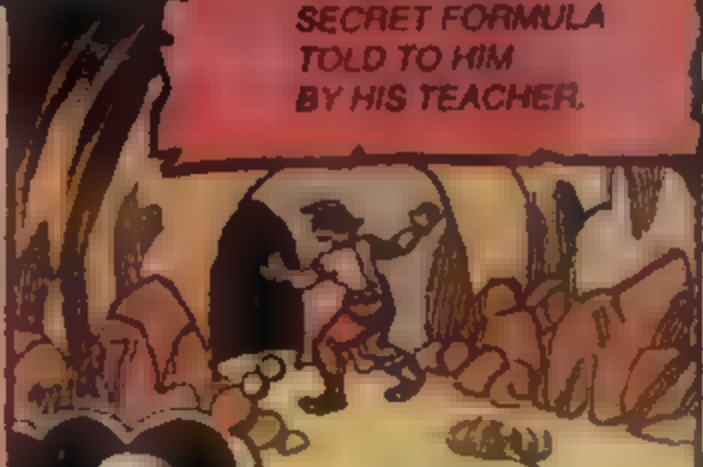
ONLY THE MAGIC-
THE OTHER
SIDE OF THIS MAZE
CAN SAVE YOU. GO!



THE PRINCE BRAVELY
ENTERS THE DEATH
MAZE —



HE RECALLS THE
SECRET FORMULA
TOLD TO HIM
BY HIS TEACHER.



ALL THE
BLIND MAN
HAS TO DO
IS...



WHAT IS THE
SECRET FORMULA?



Golden Hour TEASERS

1

One day in the last century, the French naturalist, Henri Mouhot, was chasing butterflies in Cambodia when he stumbled upon the ruins of an ancient city that was the capital of a vast empire. What is the name of this city? What is the name of this idol found there?



2



This bird looked so silly to the Portuguese when they first saw it that they named it Dodo, meaning simpleton. Where on earth can you find this bird?

3

What comes next in this series?

1183▽

4

This is a form of folk-dance famous in rural Maharashtra. What is it called?



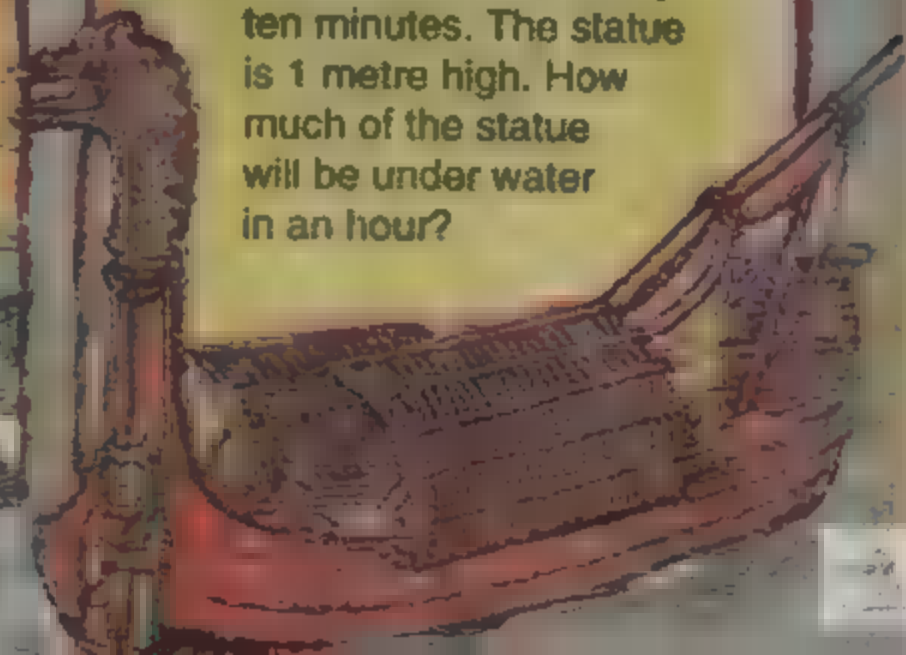
5

What is this Andamanese tribal shooting at?




6

The statue hanging from the boat is just touching the water. The river water is rising at the rate of 10 cm every ten minutes. The statue is 1 metre high. How much of the statue will be under water in an hour?

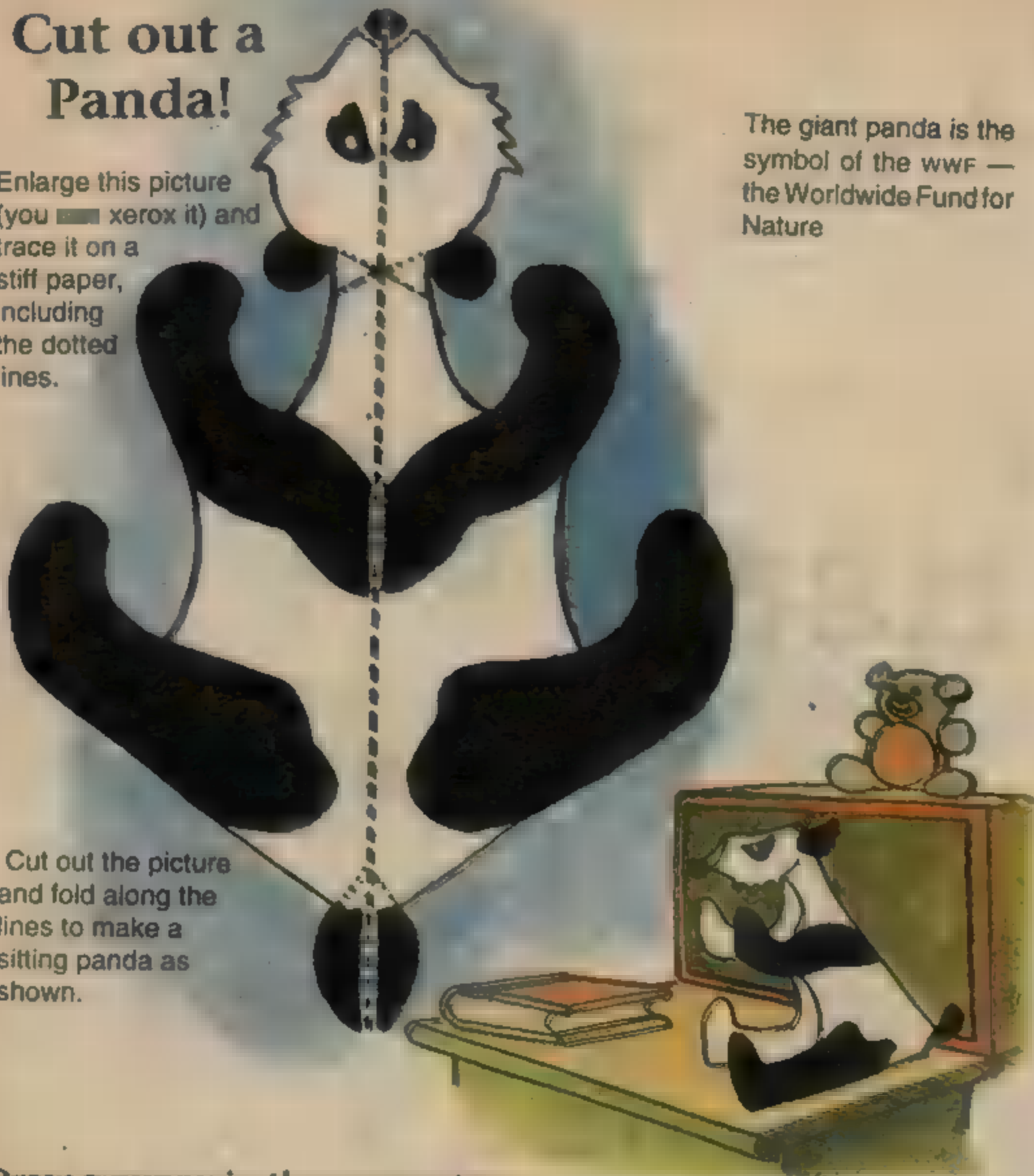


Cut out a Panda!

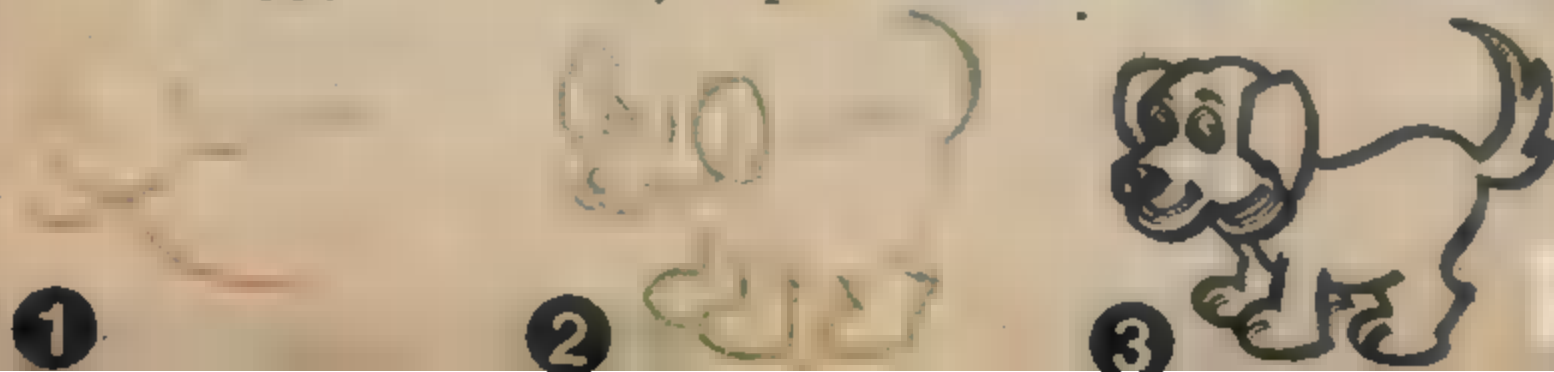
Enlarge this picture (you  xerox it) and trace it on a stiff paper, including the dotted lines.

The giant panda is the symbol of the wwf — the Worldwide Fund for Nature

Cut out the picture and fold along the lines to make a sitting panda as shown.



Draw a puppy in three easy steps.





SAGA OF ASHOKA THE GREAT

The story so far : King Vindusar of Magadha falls ill. There is a revolt at Taxila, the headquarters of one of his provinces. The king summons his six sons and asks who is willing to lead the army to suppress the rebellion. He expects the eldest prince, Susima, to come forward, but he does not. It is Ashoka who takes up the challenge.

Prince Ashoka met the king's general who had already been alerted by the Prime Minister about the rebellion at Taxila, and of Prince Ashoka volunteering to lead a military expedition against it.

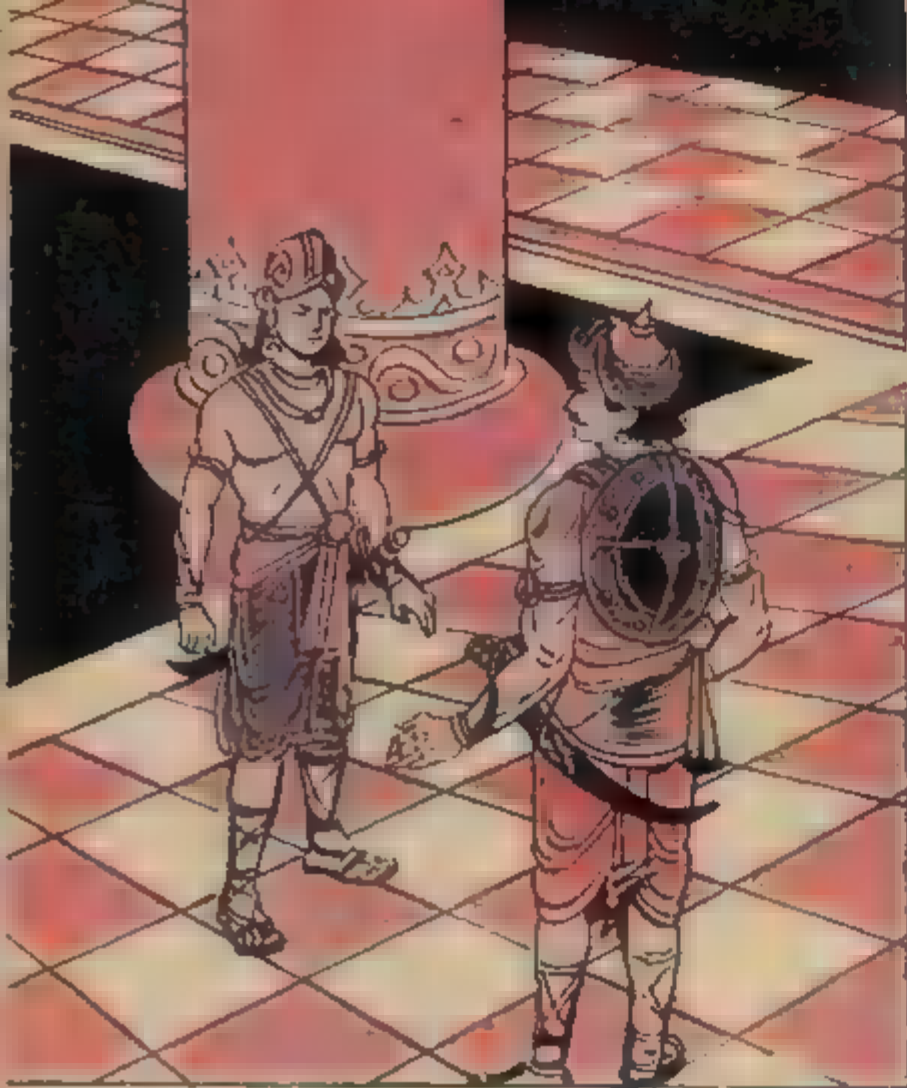
"O noble and brave prince! I'll go with you," said the general.

"Is that necessary? Isn't it more important that you should be present

in the capital of the empire when the king himself is ill? You may order a couple of your trusted lieutenants to accompany me," said Ashoka.

"I'm deeply impressed by your decision, O brave prince. I agree, I should be present in the capital, at the beck and call of His Majesty the King. But I will see to it that our finest battalions follow you and two

4. BRAVE BUT RUTHLESS



of my ablest officers assist you," said the general.

Preparations were made at great speed. Elephants and horses were arrayed on the open ground in front of the palace, while the soldiers got busy loading their weapons and collecting other essentials to be carried on their back.

Prince Susima watched all these with envy. He even secretly met the general and asked him: "Is it necessary to make such massive preparations for suppressing a small rebellion?"

The general raised his eyebrows. "O great prince, it is not wise to

underestimate the capability of the enemy. The Greeks who are behind the rebellion are crafty, clever, and wealthy. They must have provided the local people with sufficient strength to face us. Besides, Prince Ashoka is leading the expedition. We must do everything possible to ensure his victory. For, it is a question of the prestige of the royal family," said the general.

Prince Susima could not check himself any longer. He blurted out: "Whose prestige are you speaking of? Is it Ashoka the Crown Prince?"

A humble answer came from the general. "I believe you're the Crown Prince-designate and not Ashoka. To be honest, you should have led the army. The people of Magadha would have felt proud to see their future king returning triumphant."

"General," said Susima, lowering his voice to almost a whisper. "I can return triumphant if you're with me!"

The general looked blank. "I don't understand you, O Prince!"

"Look here, General, I don't wish to mince words. Since you know it very well that I'm to succeed my father to the throne, isn't it your duty to help me appear glorious before our subjects?" asked Susima, winking at the general.

"I'm afraid. I've still not been able to understand you," said the general. "Why didn't you take it upon yourself to lead our army to Taxila?"

"I'll lead the army, my good general. I will. Now, here's my precise request to you. If you act accordingly, no reward will be beyond your reach once I become the king. See to it that Ashoka fails in his mission. Then I will march upon Taxila and, with your help, achieve the goal and return triumphant. To be frank, I want the upstart Ashoka, the offspring of a maid-servant, to be cut to size. Have I made my position clear? Let Ashoka be given a weak, if not worthless, army. Choose two

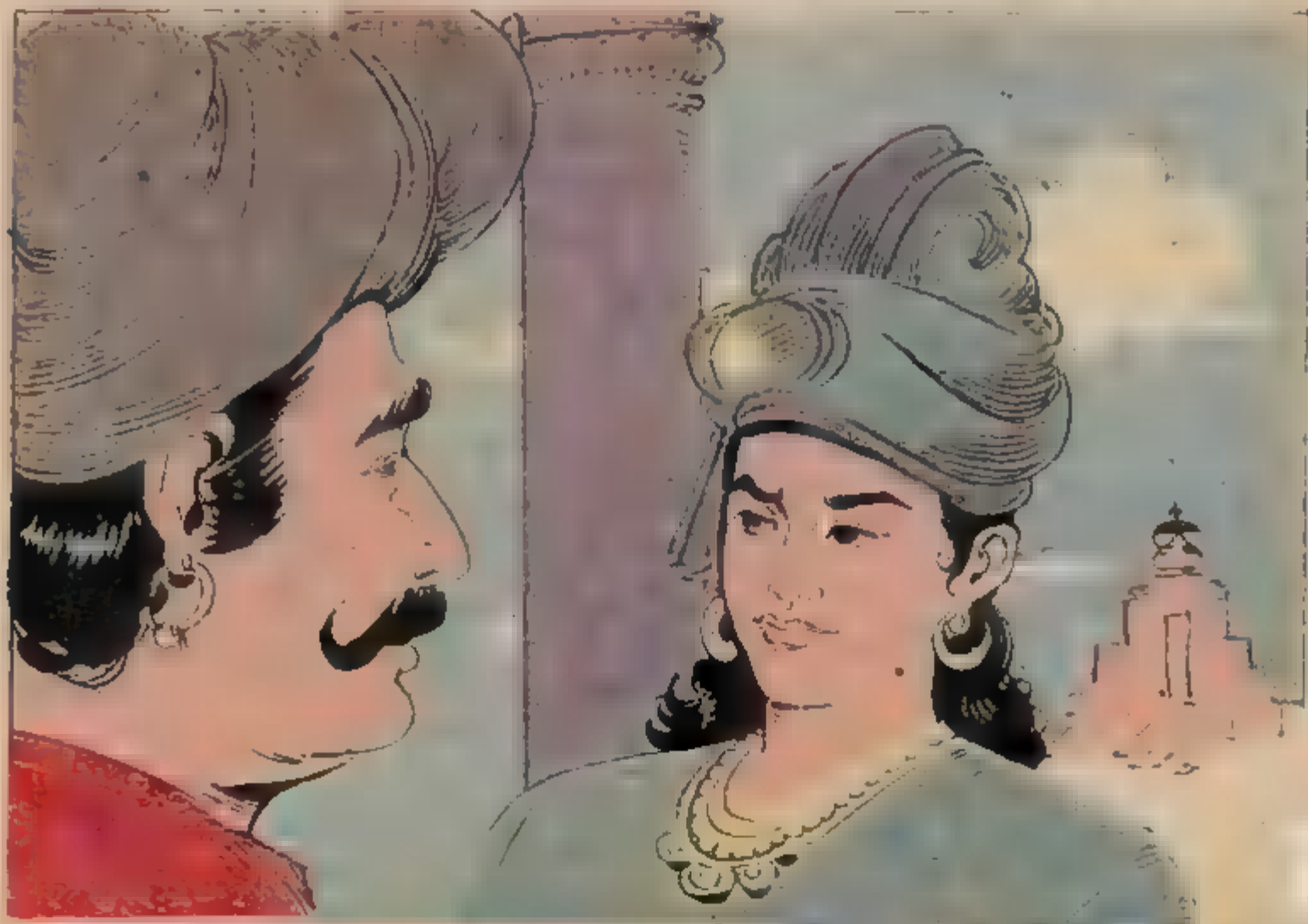
fools among your lieutenants to accompany him as his deputies. That should be enough for our plan to fruition. I can trust you, can't I? This must remain a secret between us. Is that all right?"

"Our conversation will remain a secret. You can trust me on this score, but..."

The general gasped for breath and stood speechless for a minute. Prince Susima did not mark his discomfiture.

"You'll be amply rewarded. You'll be the most powerful man in the days to come, next only to the king—that is, myself!" Susima said again.

"O Prince! Are you serious?" the





general at last managed to ask.

"Absolutely serious."

"In that case, let me tell you—I, too, hate mincing words—that I stand shocked at your suggestion. How much I wish that you are only testing my sincerity and not really suggesting to me to do anything so nefarious and treacherous!"

Susima's face paled. "Are you sure you won't obey me?" demanded Susima.

"It is for you to be sure that I won't obey you," said the general.

"I see!" said Susima, looking daggers at the general. "I've then to look for a new general!"

"That'll be your prerogative when you ascend the throne. But I wonder how long the throne can remain with the dynasty if the princes begin to betray one another at this rate! My noble prince, please listen to me. My advice is..."

"To hell with your advice!" blurted out Susima, as he left in a huff.

Though depressed within, the general did not neglect to give a touch of perfection to all the arrangements for the expedition which started for Taxila the next day.

"I pray for your victory, O Prince, and I wish you a smooth success. I have instructed a dozen of our best soldiers to act as your bodyguards. Even so, my request to you is, do not ignore your own security. Always be on your guard. I'll tell you more when you return," the general whispered to Ashoka while bidding him goodbye.

Ashoka reached the outskirts of Taxila at midnight and camped at the foot of a hillock. He sent a delegation of his emissaries into the city with a message for the leaders of the rebellion. The rebels had driven out or killed all the officers of Magadha. The whole city was under their control.

The emissaries met the leaders

and requested them to submit a list of their demands. "The king is unwell and at this stage of his life, he is eager for a peaceful solution to any problem," they assured the rebel leaders.

The rebel leaders asked for some time to prepare the list of their demands. Meanwhile, hundreds of Ashoka's soldiers, some disguised as pilgrims, some as beggars, and some as travelling traders, entered Taxila and kept a watch on the movements of the rebel leaders. At night, the rebel leaders met their Greek patrons in a building. While their discussion was in progress, the spies alerted Ashoka. At first the disguised soldiers surrounded the building. Then the soldiers who were outside invaded the city like a giant wave.

The rebel leaders and their Greek friends were unable to come out of the building. They were captured and taken prisoner. They had raised an army, but it was a disorganised group and not properly trained for either attack or defence. Some soldiers of the rebel army fought with the Magadha army, but in vain.

In the morning, the people of Taxila realised that the rebel game was up. The prisoners, their hands tied, were led to a rock with a flat



surface at the centre of the city and made to climb it. The city-dwellers were ordered to gather on the open space around the rock.

When that was done, Prince Ashoka, riding a horse, appeared on the scene. He then walked onto the rock and stood facing the prisoners.

"Why did you rebel and kill our officers and loot their property, instead of conveying your grievances to the authority?" he demanded.

After some hesitation, the spokesman of the rebels said: "We did convey our grievances to your governor here, time and again. But he paid no heed to them."

"In that case, why didn't you come over to the capital and report to the king or his Prime Minister?" demanded Ashoka.

The rebels had no answer.

"Now answer my third and last question. Why were you consulting these foreigners on our proposal? What have they to do with our affairs?" demanded Ashoka.

No explanation came from the rebels.

"It's clear that the rebellion was the result of a conspiracy between the Greeks and some selfish citizens. This province was a part of the empire the Greeks had built. The great founder of the Maurya dynasty, King Chandragupta, threw them out of it. The Greeks haven't forgotten their wound. We can understand their anguish. But what can explain the conduct of those Indians who became their allies? They are the worst lot. They would not hesi-

tate to let the foreigners subjugate their country. Here's our decision on the fate of all the prisoners, Greek as well as native."

Prince Ashoka paused. There was an ominous silence.

"Death to the foreign agents! Death to their native collaborators!" shouted Ashoka.

While there reigned a stunned silence, Ashoka turned and began to descend from the rock.

"Have mercy on us, O Prince!" the prisoners broke into a cry.

Midway Ashoka stopped and shouted in a stern voice. "No mercy for traitors. Let this be an example to all!"

He mounted his horse and went away to his camp, giving an indication to his officers. A massacre of the prisoners began. The atmosphere was filled with horror.

(To continue)



THE GREAT JUDGEMENT



Once again the Golbol village was agog with excitement. The hamlet in course of time had come to be known by the name of its cleverest member, Golbol babu, the round little wise man, with a shining bald pate and a belly so large that often it served as a nice perching ground for cockroaches, lizards, or even tiny birds, naturally, when its owner was soundly snoring under the banyan tree.

The cracking sound of the thunder had struck the village headman's wife senseless. The simple folks rushed to

Golbol babu. He sat cross-legged, as usual, with his ears and mouth well corked up. For, how could he afford to let his most valuable wisdom unnecessarily escape his worthy self? His corks were removed and the case was presented without any loss of time.

"Who's to be punished for knocking down the chief's wife?" was the issue.

No sooner had Golbol babu heard the case than wisdom spontaneously flowed out of his wee little mouth.

"The potter lighted the fire to bake

his pots. The fire gave rise to smoke. The smoke formed the clouds and the clouds caused the thunder. Then the thunder played the mischief. So, the cause of all this is the potter and he should be hanged right away. Now, quick, cork me up!"

So the poor potter was captured, for the villagers always considered the words of Golbol babu as final. No alteration or modification in his advice was possible without his consent. But in this particular situation, an unusual difficulty arose.

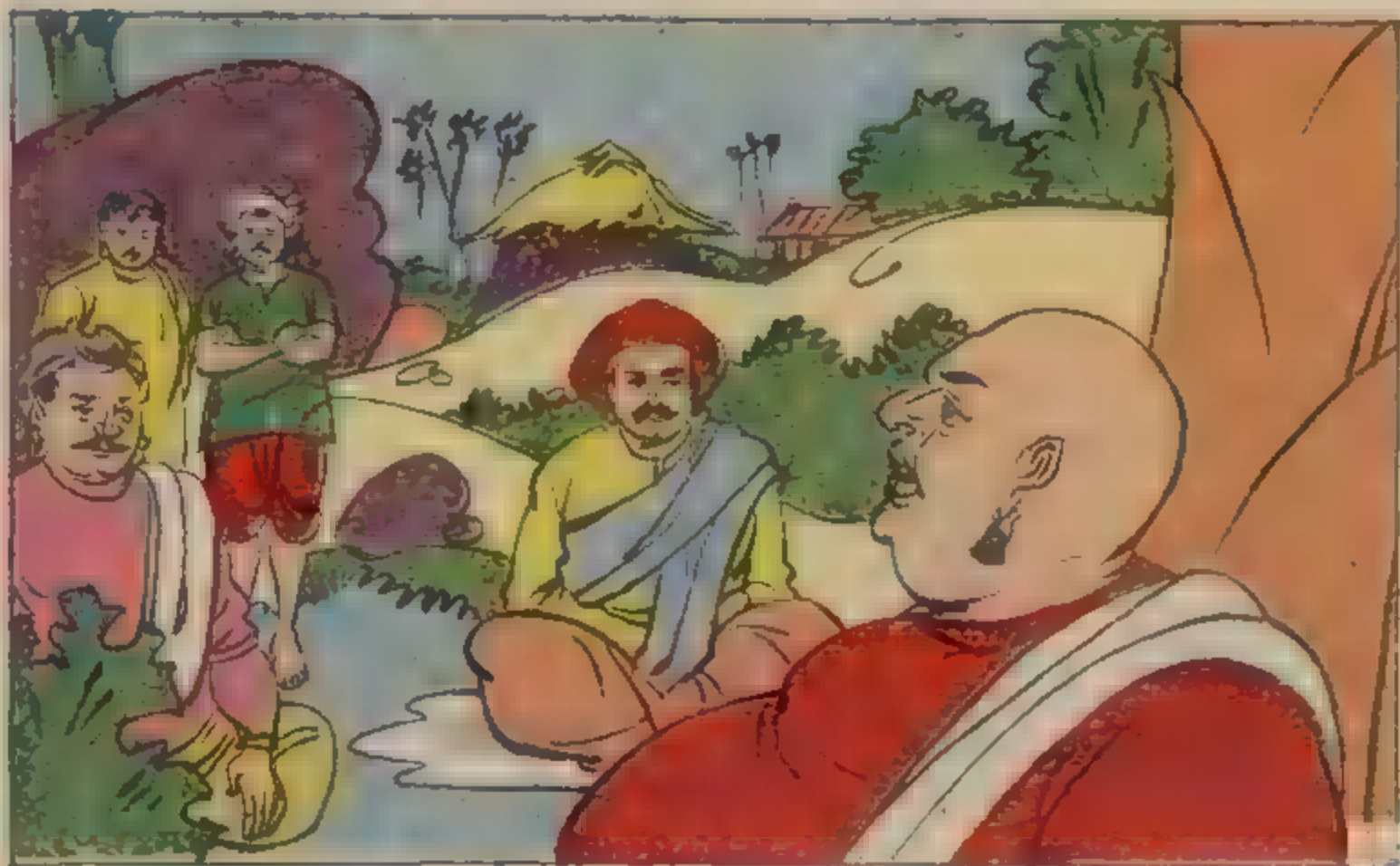
The wisest man was once again made to take off his seals. "What's the matter? Be quick with the business!" he demanded.

"O wisest of the wise, the potter is too thin and so light that the noose of the only thick rope we have would not tighten around his crane-like neck," said a prominent villager.

"Besides, he will continue to hang like a feather, too light to strain his neck and die. And tomorrow the king is likely to pass by and he might see the sight and question your wisdom!" said another.

"And questioning your wisdom means questioning the wisdom of all of us – your followers! That is too much to bear!" said the third voice.

"Then find the fattest person and hang him instead." ordered the wise Golbol. "It is so easy!"



The villagers left the spot, but ■ luck would have it, once again they faced the most extraordinary dilemma. In silence and with their eyes moist, they marched to the banyan tree. The great big judge was blissfully snoring leaning against its trunk, while little birds hopped on his huge protruding belly. Only when one of the birds pecked at a fly on the tip of his nose that he woke up with a loud groan.

Seeing the whole village gathered before him and that too with tearful eyes, Golbol, for the first time in his life uncorked his ears and mouth all by himself. He then asked the reason of this strange and sad assembly.

"O Wise One, there's no fatter man in the village than your honourable self!" said the village headman in a half-choked voice.

Golbol, no doubt, felt nervous when he pictured the noose dangling

from the tree nearby. Nevertheless he had a solution to every problem on the tip of his tongue. He closed his eyes once again, fell into a trance, and then he pronounced these words while the villagers heard him in pin-drop silence:

"When Golbol will be no more,

There will be despair on every shore.

*The sun will scorch the rivers, the seas
and the plants,*

*And the moon will be eaten away by the
white ants."*

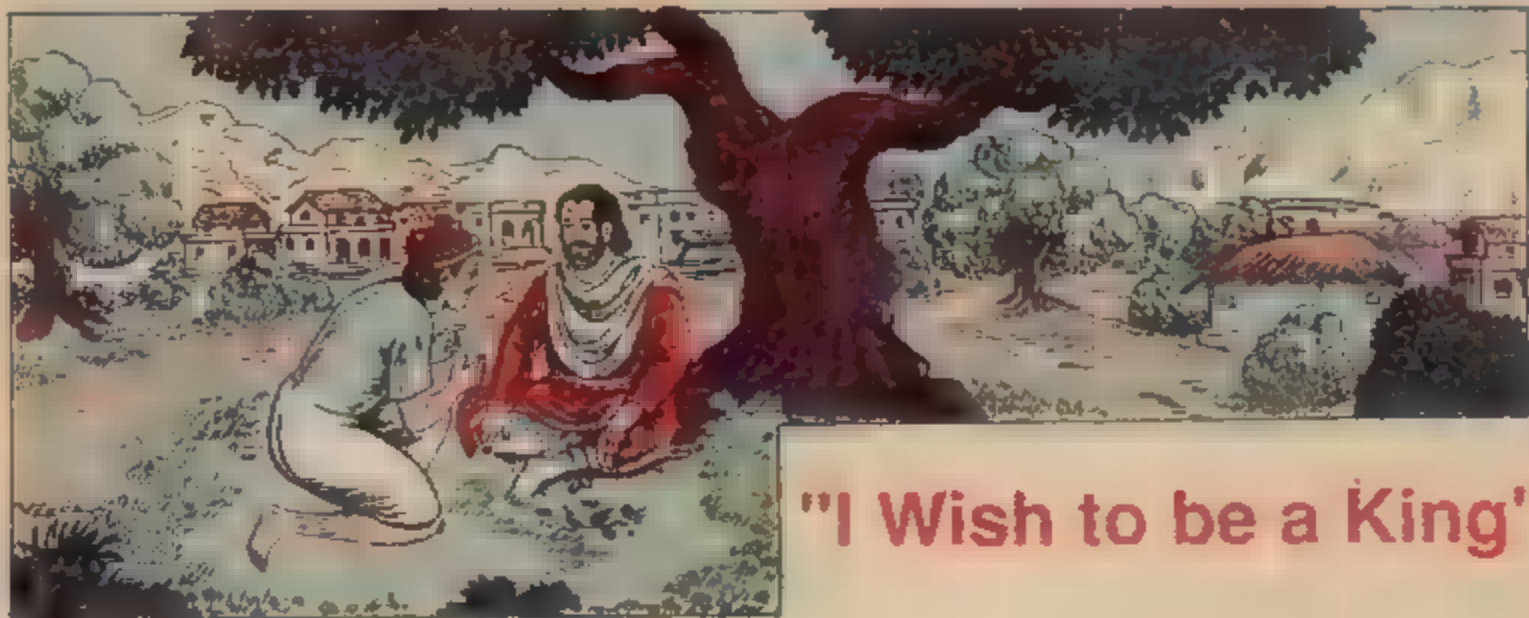
"How can this be possible? Please save us, O Wise Sir!" echoed the villagers in one voice.

"Then let the potter be pardoned," said Golbol as he put back his corks.

"Yes, yes, let us pardon him," added the village headman. "After all, my wife is now standing hale and hearty beside me!"

— Retold by Anup Kishore Das





"I Wish to be a King"

Mahasen, the ruler of Mahimapuri, was one day roaming the country incognito to find out how his subjects were faring. He wandered faraway from the capital and was on his way back to the palace when he fell down after his foot struck a big stone. He was injured on his legs and hands and lay bleeding.

A poor dweller from a hut nearby saw the incident and rushed out to his aid. He helped the man rise on his legs and slowly walked him to the shade of a huge tree and tended his wounds with some medicinal leaves and flowers that he knew of. He crushed them into a paste and applied it liberally on the injured parts.

Mahasen got some relief, and felt that he could now bear the pain. It was then that he noticed that the hut dweller was really poor, and he took pity on him. He asked him what he did for a living and how big his family was. "If I were to answer all your questions, sir," the man

replied, "I'll have a lot to say. But what's the use? Who's there to listen to my problems and difficulties? Who's there to solve them?" He let out a big sigh.

Mahasen assured him. "Whatever be your problems, you may, without any hesitation, tell me. I shall be able to help you. All right, what exactly do you wish?"

"That's very simple," the poor hut-dweller revealed his mind. "I want to become a king."

Mahasen was taken aback. "What a wish!" he exclaimed. "Generally people wish for wealth, or fame, or a comfortable life. If you were to become king, you'll have none of these things."

The man could not believe his ears. "You mean to say that a king won't have wealth? He can't achieve fame? He can't lead a comfortable life? Don't be stupid, hey man!"

"Listen to me," said Mahasen, by way of explanation. "The king w..."

have a lot of money, but that money is not his. That's the people's money. Whatever he does will not bring him any fame. Instead, he alone will be blamed if anything goes wrong. He can, if he wants, lead a comfortable life, but he will always worry about his duties and responsibilities, and he won't be able to enjoy life. A hut-dweller on the other hand is better placed. He's luckier than a king. He doesn't have any responsibilities."

"I wish to become a king for fame," said the poor hut-dweller. "The poets in the kingdom always sing in praise of the king. No poet will sing paens of a poor hut-dweller, nor will he compose epics in his honour."

"It's a pity that you've such a strange wish," remarked Mahasen. "All right, I shall fulfil your wish." He then left the place.

The next day, Mahasen sent a poet to the hut in the forest. The poor man was the solitary inmate of that hut. "Who are you? Why did you come here?" he asked the visitor.

"I'm a poet; I've come to write a poem about you," replied the man.

"Writing a poem on me?" wondered the hut-dweller. "But, what have I done to deserve of such an honour? I'm only a poor man, finding it difficult to make both ends meet."



"That doesn't matter," said the poet. "You tell me all about yourself. Maybe I'll get some points on which I can compose a poem."

The poor man recollected his whole life, taking care to mention something that would be worthy of a poem. "Soon after I was born, my parents died. I was brought up by some people. But wherever I lived, the family only suffered distress. When family after family went through such bitter experiences, some of the elders in the village put up a hut for me to live separately. I go into the forest to cut firewood and later sell it in the market. That's how I eke out a living."



"Oh! So you go to the forest every day?" observed the poet. "Can you recall some act of courage or compassion that you did in the forest?"

The man racked his brain for sometime. Then, with some doubt and hesitation, he narrated an incident. "One day, I saw a tiger. I didn't think twice; I ran back and somehow managed to get inside my hut and shut the door. For two days I didn't come out. But, then, I had to fend for myself. So, once again I began going into the forest to cut firewood."

"Good! Now, do you recall any charitable act?" asked the poet with great curiosity.

"Charity? How can a poor man like me ever think of charity or anything like that?" the poor man heaved a sigh. "Nothing that I might have done by way of charity is worth recalling." He nodded his head.

"All right," the poet persisted. "Do you read anything in your leisure hours?"

"I haven't known leisure," confessed the poor man. "How could I take leisure from my work? I would only go hungry".

"But can you at least read?" the poet asked him point-blank.

"Of course, I can read!" answered the poor man.

"That's something great," commented the poet. "Try to recall something more like that."

"How else can I know what you have written, if at all you write about me?" countered the hut-dweller.

The poet was rather disappointed. "I really pity you! And I came here with a lot of expectations and hope of composing an epic itself." The poet, however, sat there and wrote something on the palm leaves that he had brought with him. It was a poem. He left it with the poor man and went away.

The woodcutter was curious. He read all of the poem in one go. There were a hundred lines. His face brightened up. He could not resist the tempta-

tion of reading each line two more times. Each line had some praise or other of the woodcutter. He decided that others should also know about him. So, whoever passed that way was invited to the hut to listen to the poem. He read out the lines himself.

He did this exercise even after dusk, and for several days. At the end of each reading, he would ask the passersby: "Do you know about whom this poem is?" They would invariably shake their head. "It's all about me!" the woodcutter would disclose excitedly.

"An excellent poem!" they commented. "And a talented poet. But what a pity, that he had to waste his talents on a man like you. He

should have used them for writing about someone like our king."

King Mahasen was aware of all the happenings. One day, he went to the forest again incognito. When he neared the hut, he deliberately struck his foot against a stone and feigned as if he had fallen down. The woodcutter was watching everything, but he did not go to the man's help, ■ he had done on ■ earlier occasion.

Mahasen noticed the man's indifference. He managed to get up on his own and limped up to the woodcutter. "You had once before helped me," he remarked, "and I fulfilled your desire. But today you didn't raise your little finger. If you



had come to my help, I would have fulfilled one more of your desires. You don't know what you've missed."

"No, thank you, sir," said the woodcutter, shaking his head. "I'm scared of your blessing. I don't want my desires to be fulfilled."

"Why are you so afraid of me?" queried Mahasen.

"I told you so many things out of my ignorance and stupidity," the man explained apologetically. "At least you should have corrected me or checked me. If I only read poems, who'll feed me? How can I appease my hunger? And when I ask anybody to read out the poem, they only pity the poet and blame the king. The poet, too, curses himself for having been asked to compose a poem on me. What's the good of such a blessing?"

"You seem to have become wise," remarked Mahasen. "That's what I surmise from your talk. But that day

you didn't exhibit even an iota of this wisdom. Why?"

"Why does God give knowledge and wisdom to anyone?" answered the woodcutter. "So as to distinguish good and bad things. No one desires death, disease, or pain. But can anyone escape all these? They are all God's will. He grants both good and evil. And it is left to anyone to decide which would give him or her peace and comfort. I don't have any wisdom as you might think. And if I had said anything stupid, you would have been one person to advise me. You didn't do that. That's how I lost all interest in helping others. That's why I didn't rush to you when you fell down."

Mahasen listened to him with sorrow and remorse. The man was so straightforward and was incapable of lying or cheating another. He revealed his identity to the woodcutter and made arrangements for rehabilitating him with a proper house and work to fetch him a regular income.



South to Karnataka

Text : Meera Nair ♦ Artist : Goutam Sen

As we go down the coast of Goa, we arrive at Mormugao, one of India's finest natural harbours. The busy Mormugao port handles among other things, the export of Goa's mineral ores—iron and manganese.

Not far from Mormugao is Colva, the longest beach in the state. The white sands of Colva extend all the way to Cabo de Rama, where Lord Rama is said to have spent a few years of his exile. Halfway down the 25-kilometre stretch of beach we come upon the village of Benaulim, where Rama's 'bana' or arrow is said to have fallen.



The Igreja de Nossa Senhora de Piedade is a famous church in Colva. It houses the statue of Menino (baby) Jesus, which is believed to have miraculous healing powers.

Polem is Goa's southernmost beach. This virgin beach, hardly visited by tourists, lies just a stone's throw from Goa's border with Karnataka.



The beach at Colva

The coastal strip of Karnataka is also believed to have been claimed from the Arabian Sea by Parasurama and is known as Parasurama Kshetra. Karwar in the north is one of the most beautiful places on this coast. It has beaches surrounding its three sides.

Karwar has a fine, all-weather, natural harbour, fairly sheltered from the south-west monsoons. Ships sailing from Mumbai (Bombay) to Colombo can use this harbour all through the year. It was called Balt-e-kol by the Arabs ■ ■ was famous for exporting the finest of muslins, besides pepper, cardamom, cassia and coarse blue cotton cloth called dungari.

It was in this picturesque town in the summer of 1883, that Rabindranath Tagore wrote his first important drama in verse 'Prakritir Pratishodh' (Nature's Revenge), while staying with his brother, Satyendranath Tagore, then the District Judge of Karwar.

A few kilometres from Karwar is the old seaport of Ankola, an important centre of trade and commerce under the Kadambas, Chalukyas and Vijayanagara kings. Ankola played ■ significant role during the country's freedom struggle when the 'Salt Satyagraha' and the 'No-tax' campaigns ■ ■ ■ launched here.

Eight kilometres from Ankola lie the famous Jaina caves of Honnebail.



Karwar



Rabindranath Tagore



There ■ ■ ■ many agitations in Ankola

Gokarna, known as the Kashi (Varanasi) of the South is situated at a distance of 60 km from Karwar. It is an important Shaiva pilgrimage centre. The Mahabaleshwara temple here, is famous for the 'atmalinga', believed to have been left behind by Ravana.

Legend has it that Ravana obtained this *linga* after years of penance. Ganapati tricked him into putting it on the ground. When Ravana tried to lift it, he couldn't. The *linga* came to be known as 'Mahabala' or the 'mighty one'. Only two inches of it is visible above the ground. During the colourful festival of Ashtabandha, held normally once in 12 years, the *linga* is excavated and displayed to the devotees.

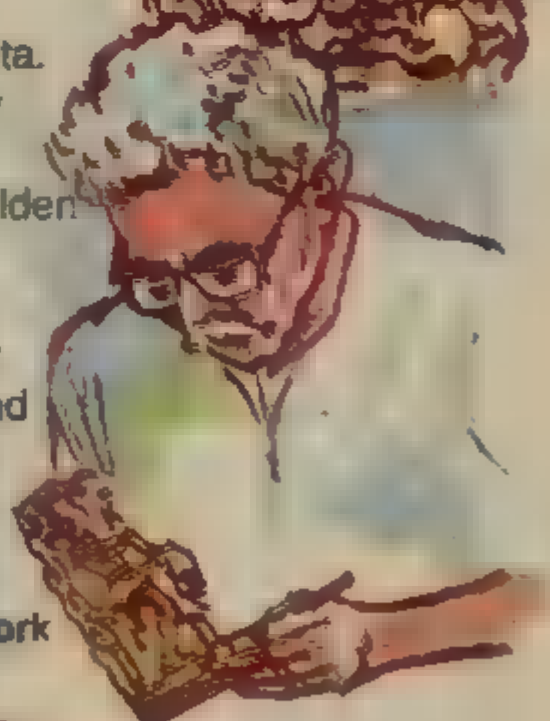
Further down the palm-fringed coast is the town of Kumta. It is famous for its exquisite sandalwood carvings, made by the Gudigars, traditional craftsmen of Karnataka.

A little beyond Kumta lies Honavar, the Honnuru or 'Golden Town' of ancient times. According to local belief, Honnuru existed in the days of the Ramayana. A water spring here called the *Rama Tirtha* is believed to have been created by Rama. Honavar, under Haidar Ali, had a naval dockyard and was a great commercial centre. The Sharavati bridge here is the longest bridge in Karnataka.

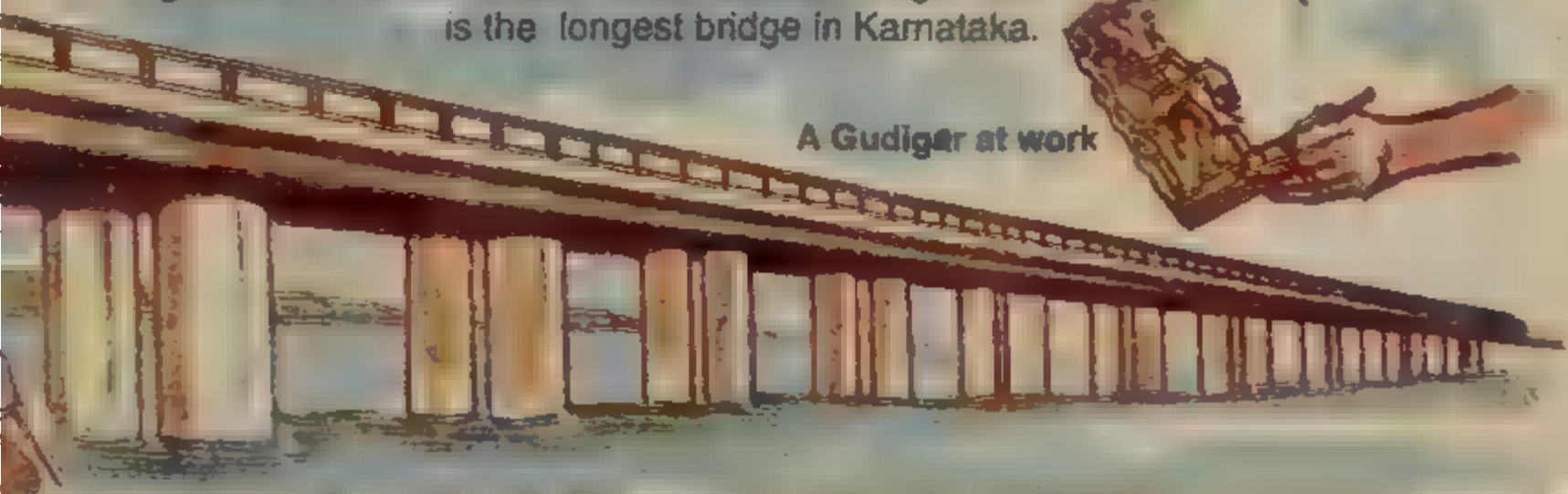


The Mahabaleshwara temple

Sandalwood carving



A Gudigar at work



The Sharavati bridge



**The sculpture
of a snake-charmer
in a temple in Bhatkal.**

Bhatkal, located at the southernmost tip of the Uttara Kannada district is famous for its Jain temples or *basadis*. There are at least 13 of them here, the largest being the Chandranatheswara Basadi, built some 500 years ago.

Six kilometres away from Bhatkal is a wooded island known as Nethrani Island. The British called it Pigeon Island because of the large number of pigeons that live here. Another bird that frequents the island is the swiftlet, whose nests are a gourmet's delight in China, where a soup, called Bird's Nest Soup, is made from them.

Further south is Kundapur, known as the 'Town of the Sun'. It is situated in Dakshina Kannada district. It has been a great centre of 'badaga thittu', the northern style of Yakshagana, the traditional folk dance-drama of Karnataka.

The Kannada poet, Nandalike Lakshminaranappa, better known by his pen name Muddana, lived in Kundapur. While working as the physical instructor of the local Government High School, he wrote his masterpiece in ornate prose, titled 'Sri Ramashwamedham'.

**Chandranatha
Tirthankara
in the
Chandranatheswara
temple**



A Yakshagana dancer

Pictures courtesy the Karnataka Sangh, Mumbai



New Tales of King Vikram and the Vampire

No match to each other

Dark was the night and weired the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. Gusts of wind shook the trees. Between thunderclaps and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning revealed fearsome faces.

But King Vikramaditya did not swerve a bit. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought down the corpse. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground, with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse spoke: "O King! You seem to be making untiring efforts as if you wish to achieve something. I pity you. Instead of enjoying a comfortable sleep, you're coming after me. I doubt whether you are not imagining something unique and wonderful and trying to possess it. Take it from me, your efforts will be in vain and you will only be disappointed, like Bhanusimha. Listen to his story and you'll understand the wisdom in what I'm saying" and began his narration.



This happened long, long ago. Bhanusimha was a prince, rolling in wealth. He was very handsome, too. Many proposals came from eligible princesses of marriageable age, but he did not accept any of them. His contention was that none was good to look at. He seemed to have certain ideas of beauty and was searching for someone who met those norms.

His kingdom lay on one side of the Vindhya mountains. In an inaccessible tract deep inside the forest, there was a pond where, he had heard, nymphs descended from their celestial abodes for their bath, especially on full moon nights. Bhanusimha decided to go

there, take a look at them and look for someone in his country or elsewhere who would match with the beauty of the nymphs. It was a daring journey through jungles and forests full of wild animals, but he undertook the adventure as he was tenacious.

At last he reached the pond, which was in a territory whose overlord was a celestial ruler. It was his daughters who came there to take bath. He waited excitedly for the nymphs to descend on the place as it was a full moon night. Soon they came. One of them was Ratnamala. Very pretty-looking, she caught the attention of Bhanusimha and he forgot himself as he watched her conversing with the others. He thought she answered his conception of beauty and decided to tell her of his desire to make her his wife. He approached her and was about to tell her he wished to marry her, but the nymph disappeared right in front of his eyes!

Bhanusimha did not know what to do. On seeing Ratnamala suddenly disappear, her companions also did not stay in the pond for long. They, too, disappeared. Bhanusimha was not disappointed. After all, there would be another full moon and the nymphs were sure to come again. He would wait for them. He did not

back to the palace, but spent his days in the forest itself.

Came the next full moon night. He hid behind a tree and waited. He did not have to wait for long. Three nymphs descended from the skies and made preparations for their bath. He could not take his eyes off Ratnamala. As she came near the tree, he caught hold of her hand, but she freed herself and jumped into the pond. She was not to be seen for sometime. He must now search for her in the pond itself. He went to the edge and was about to jump when he heard a shout: "Wait!"

Bhanusimha turned round. The celestial ruler with his three daughters stood there looking at him. They almost looked alike. "Whomever you love, if you can identify her, I shall give her hand in marriage to you," said the celestial king.

Bhanusimha suddenly remembered that he had caught hold of one of them and she had forcibly freed herself from him, probably carrying marks of his fingers on her hand. He carefully looked at the hands and wrists of the three girls. Just as he had expected, his finger marks were visible and he recognised Ratnamala. He told the king that he loved her and liked to marry her.

The king complimented him.



"You're very clever, you've correctly identified the one you love, and I should say you've made a right choice. And she also loves you. Both of you can get married. But there's one condition. We are well known for our patience, and so I want you, too, to be patient always. You should not get angry with your wife ■ ever punish her. If you do so, she'll turn into a nymph once again and disappear from earth. Remember this well." He then disappeared along with his other two daughters.

Bhanusimha went back to the capital taking his bride to the palace. They started living together as husband and wife. One day, they went to



see the newborn child of his friend, the army general's son. They had taken gifts for the baby. Bhanusimha fondled the little one, gave it a kiss, and then handed the baby to Ratnamala. But instead of taking the baby in her hands, she turned her head as if in disgust. Everybody was shocked on seeing her attitude. Bhanusimha thought she was snubbing him, but tried to forget it for the time being and put on a smile. Soon they went back to the palace. Once he reached there, he sought an explanation from Ratnamala.

"I won't touch that child!" she said.

What did a newborn baby do to her? Bhanusimha wondered. He could

not control his anger. He slapped her on her face.

Ratnamala looked daggers at her husband. "I know better about the child than you!" she explained. "There are signs that he'll grow into a cruel man. He'll even murder someone and climb the gallows. I've no affection for such a child. Anyway, mind you, you've slapped me. Remember my father's warning!"

Bhanusimha was now taken by remorse. She seemed to have such farsight. He should not have rebuked his wife or slapped her. He decided that he would be careful and not be angry with her. Ratnamala, too, forgot the incident and they remained a happy couple.

One of the chieftains in the kingdom was performing his daughter's wedding. Protocol demanded that the prince and his wife attended the wedding. So, Bhanusimha and Ratnamala started for the village. The ceremony started and the auspicious time for the bridegroom and bride to exchange garlands arrived. Cheers rose from the guests.

But what was happening to Ratnamala? She was shedding tears and weeping aloud. Everybody ran to her to console her. "What happened, Ratnamala?" enquired Bhanusimha.

"They're not a good match," said Ratnamala. "Their horoscopes do not agree. Within two days of their marriage, they will quarrel and will not enjoy any peace. They're going to waste their life. How else can I react except to cry in pity?"

"All right, but it is their business to quarrel or not," remarked Bhanusimha. "Why should you bother about it? Come on, wipe your tears and be quiet!" He then heard someone comment, "If he has no control over his wife, why should he drag her to a happy event like this?" Bhanusimha could not bear the insult. He forgot what he was doing; he slapped his wife. She writhed in pain. "Remember, this is the second time you've slapped me!"

A third time and, Bhanusimha knew, Ratnamala would disappear as a nymph! The celestial king's warning continued to ring in his ears and he remained careful and alert so that he would not have an opportunity to scold or punish her. One day, news reached them that the prince's cousin had passed away prematurely. Bhanusimha and Ratnamala went to his residence to offer their condolences. The boy was quite young, and his parents and other relations were inconsolable. Many in the crowd were weeping.



They were all shocked when Ratnamala began laughing. She was unable to control her laughter. Bhanusimha could not tolerate the sight at all and did not want to invite any comments from anyone in the crowd. He gave her a slap on the face. "Ah! you've punished me, again!" said Ratnamala. "I had a reason to laugh. This boy is very fortunate. He has already taken another birth as the son of an emperor. I was able to watch that sight. I was happy and that's why I laughed. Now that you have slapped me a third time, I can't remain on earth as your wife. So, I'm going back to my heavenly home." She suddenly

disappeared. Bhanusimha did not plead with her, or apologise to her, or even make an attempt to stop her from assuming the form of nymph.

The vampire concluded his narration and turned to King Vikramaditya. "O King, Why did Bhanusimha break the conditions stipulated by the celestial king? Why didn't he attempt to stop Ratnamala from disappearing from earth? If you know the answers and still decide to remain silent and not satisfy me, do I have to tell you what would happen to you? Your head will be blown to ■ thousand pieces!"

"As a matter of fact, theirs was not a proper marriage," explained Vikramaditya. "How could a human being, like Prince Bhanusimha, wed a celestial being? Their characters and behaviour are different and opposed to each other. Nothing can change a nymph to an ordinary woman on earth. Since a human being is ■ social ani-

mal, he has certain duties by the members of his society. Bhanusimha was very particular about doing them as ■ member of that society. In discharging his role, he could not observe the conditions imposed on him by the celestial king. Ratnamala, being a nymph, possessed unusual powers, especially to foresee what was in store for human beings. And she could not react in the normal way. She could anticipate irritating factors in her life. So, she decided to remain a nymph for ever. And Bhanusimha realised that his life on earth would be incompatible with that of ■ nymph. That's why he did not prevent Ratnamala from ending their relationship as man and wife."

The vampire realised that he had been outwitted ■ again. He flew back to the ancient tree, carrying the corpse with him. The king drew his sword, and went after the vampire.





STORIES FROM MAHABHARATA

The story so far:

The Pandava princes were forced to spend twelve years in exile, and along with Draupadi, dwelt in the forest. Great sages came to see Yudhishtira, the eldest of the princes, and narrated to him legends of ancient time and former kings. The great sage Vyasa urged Arjuna to acquire supernatural arms by penance and worship. Arjuna followed his advice, met Lord Siva, who gave him the Pasupata weapon. Arjuna was then taken to the kingdom of the gods, and the great Indra presented him with many wondrous gifts.

After the return of Arjuna from the Kingdom of the gods, the Pandava princes spent more than four years wandering on the Gandhamadana mountains. As the tenth year of their exile was drawing to a close, Yudhishtira decided that they would better return to the plains.

Back again in the great forest,

Bhima, one morning, decided to set out alone to hunt wild animals. As the forest abounded with game, Bhima had no difficulty in killing a variety of animals, which he dragged to a clearing by the pathway.

As he stood congratulating himself on the number of animals he had slain, there was a rustling in

the grass behind him. Turning round quickly, Bhima was amazed to see a huge python of immense proportions slithering towards him.

This was certainly the largest snake he had ever seen. Green and gold in colour, with a huge, fearsome head, when it opened its mouth, Bhima realised that the monster could swallow a fully grown man easily.

Bhima bade his time: he then pounced to grab the loathsome reptile at the back of its head. But the snake was much too fast, and Bhima found himself wrapped in its coils.

Despite all his great strength,

Bhima found himself absolutely helpless, being held in a vice-like grip that threatened to crush him to death.

Just then he heard a shout. Looking up, he saw Yudhishtira and the priest Dhaumya coming towards him. They had been looking for him, as he was expected to have returned to their camp long before that.

Yudhishtira realised that this could be no ordinary snake. Probably a demon in a malevolent guise? he wondered.

"O King of Serpents," he said, approaching the snake. "If you're hungry, we will supply all the food



you require. But release my brother. I beg of you."

"Your brother is my lawful prey," snorted the snake. "And if you remain here, you shall be added to my meal."

"Tell me, who're you?" Yudhishtira asked.

"I'm Nahusha, an ancestor of yours," replied the snake. "I resided in the kingdom of the gods for many years, but my arrogance was the cause of my ruin. I insulted Sage Agasthya, who in his anger cursed me to become an awful snake, to roam the earth until someone can answer the riddles he set. Then, and only then, will I be

restored to my natural form."

Yudhishtira, without hesitation, said, "Put your riddles to me, and I'll do my best to answer them."

"What makes the sun shine every day?" asked the snake.

Yudhishtira replied: "The power of Brahman."

"What rescues a man in danger?"

"Courage alone comes to one's rescue."

"What's happiness?"

"Happiness is the result of good conduct."

The snake asked many more riddles, and Yudhishtira answered them all.

In the end, the snake declared:



"You've answered all my riddles." As it spoke, it slowly released Bhima from its coils, and suddenly assumed a human form. But before anyone could speak, he vanished into thin air. The spell of the curse had come to an end.

Soon after this episode, Sri Krishna visited the Pandava princes in the forest. Addressing Yudhishtira, Krishna said: "Soon your long years of exile will end. These years of adversity have proved you to be a man of honour. The time is approaching when, I'm sure, you'll regain your rightful inheritance."

Yudhishtira was very much moved and thanked Krishna. "With you as our friend and guide, we shall face life with courage. If a war against the Kaurava princes

becomes inevitable, your guidance will be our strongest weapon."

Many sages visited the Pandava princes in the forest. One of them called on the blind king, Dhritarashtra, at Hastinapura. The sage told him that the Pandava princes had undergone many privations whilst they were in exile.

Though Dhritarashtra tried to convey words of sympathy, his mind was troubled with thoughts of the future. 'Why did we become a prey to greed? Why did we take the path of injustice? A wrong cannot but yield ■ bitter harvest, and the Pandavas will cry for vengeance.' These thoughts perpetually haunted the blind king, and gave him no peace. He was worried about the fate of his sons. (To Continue)



Of Persian Origin

The leaves look very much like those of the *neem* tree, but the 'Mahaneem' (meaning bigger neem) is of a different species. The bright green leaves, sometimes as long as 30 cm (1 foot), consist of leaf-like sub-divisions. The leaves are oval in shape and have teeth at the margins, tapering at the tip.

Known as *Bakain* in Hindi, it is *Mahaneem* in Bengali, *Mallay Vembu* in Tamil, *Karin Vembu* in Malayalam, *Turaka Vepu* in Telugu, *Pejri* in Marathi, and *Baken Limbdo* in Gujarati. In English, it is called the *Bead tree*, also as *Persian Lilac*. It is believed that its original home was Persia and parts of Baluchistan.

The flowers are lilac-coloured—the tubes are a light purple and the petals of a light blue shade. They are very pretty to look at, and their honey-scent attracts people. They appear on bare branches at the beginning of spring (March-April). The leaves also appear soon afterwards and in a few days time, the entire tree is covered with flowers and leaves. The flowers fall off after two or three months.

The fruits are globular in shape and fleshy, and will have four tiny seeds inside a hard shell. As such, they are a favourite with birds, but they are supposed to be poisonous for human beings. The

seeds have medicinal properties and are used in medicines to cure rheumatism. The seeds are also used as beads for necklaces.

The tree grows to a moderate size and is normally between 12m and 25m tall. It has a spreading crown and often looks like a huge umbrella. It is, therefore, an elegant tree and is grown wherever shade is required. And the tree grows very fast.



Sages of India

MAHIDASA AND KAVASHA

There was a famous scholar known as Visala. A number of students were taught by him. Among them was one of his own sons.

One day, Sage Visala was teaching his students how to perform ■ Yajna. When his son saw it, he came running to learn the lessons. But Visala sent him away on some other job.

That surprised the boy. He obeyed his father, but he understood that his father did not want to teach him the methods of performing a Yajna. He went to his mother and complained about it.

His mother, whose name ■ Itara, told him that she was not a Brahmin, but ■ woman from the class of the tillers of the soil. Visala taught the principle of Yajna only to the Brahmin boys. At the same time, she assured her son that the Mother Earth was the greatest of all teachers and a true friend and compassionate guide. If he worshipped the Earth, knowledge would bloom in his heart.

For twelve years the young man worked on the Earth, farming and, at the same time, worshipping it as the Mother. Hence he was known as Mahidasa or the servant of Mother Earth. "

He grew up and became ■ famous sage. He had a second name, after his mother, and that was Aitaraya. He composed three great works known as the *Aitareya Brahmana*, *Aitareya*

Aranyaka, and *Aitareya Upanishad*. He lived for one hundred and fifteen years and was revered as a Rishi. Nobody cared for the fact that his mother was not a Brahmin.

In his *Aitareya Brahmana*, we read about ■ sage named Kavasha who too was born of a non-Brahmin mother. Once some sages were performing a Yajna on the bank of the river Saraswati. Attracted towards it, Kavasha reached the spot. But the sages made it clear to him that he was not welcome.

As Kavasha left the place, lo! and behold, a stream of the sacred river followed him, the water whirling around his feet. The sages then realised his greatness and apologised to him and offered him a place of reverence.



DO YOU KNOW?

1. A volcano is considered holy and revered by the people of the land where it is situated. Name the volcano and the country.
2. Who was the first Indian to play in the Wimbledon Tennis Tournament?
3. Which is the largest man-made lake in India?
4. What metal is added to gold for making ornaments?
5. When did Columbus discover America?
6. Which river is often described as 'Bengal's sorrow'?
7. How many judges are there in the International Court of Justice?
8. When did India's Rakesh Sharma begin his journey into space along with two Soviet cosmonauts?
9. When did Fa-hien travel in India?
10. When did the First Asian Games take place? Where? Who were the Champions?
11. What are the major functions of bones in the human body?
12. Who built the Taj Mahal? How long did it take to complete its construction?
13. Which is the capital of Mongolia?
14. How did Vallabhbhai Patel come to be called 'Sardar'?
15. Where is the largest grain market in the world situated?
16. Which is the highest waterfall in India?

ANSWERS

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Mount Fujiyama in Japan | 10. 1951 - New Delhi, India - Japan |
| 2. Sardar Nihal Singh in 1908 | 9. Between 405 and 411 A.D. |
| 3. The Narmada Sagar | 8. April 5, 1984 |
| 4. Copper | 7. Fifteen |
| 5. In 1492 | 6. Damodar |
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| | 3. The Narmada Sagar |
| | 2. Sardar Nihal Singh in 1908 |
| | 1. Mount Fujiyama in Japan |
| 11. Bones give shape to our body. They also protect vital organs like the heart, lungs, and brain. | 12. The Mughal Emperor Shah Jehan. The construction began in 1631 and was completed 22 years later. |
| 13. Ulan Bator | 14. After he led the non-payment of tax campaign in Bardoli in Gujarat. |
| 15. Chicago, U.S.A. | 16. The Jog Falls in Karnataka. |

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Golden Hour Teasers - No.1 : Answers

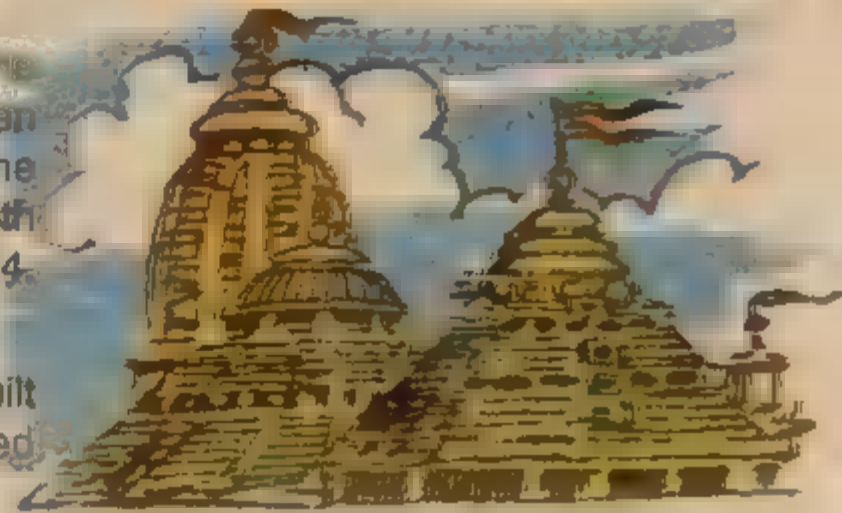
1. **Squadron leader Rakesh Sharma.** He became the first Indian spaceman when he was launched into space aboard the Soviet space craft Soyuz T-11, along with two Soviet cosmonauts on April 5, 1984.

2. The world's biggest sun dial in Jaipur built by Sawai Raja Jai Singh was called **Brihat Samrat Yantra.**

3. **Ceres** can be seen in the asteroid belt between Mars and Jupiter. It is the largest asteroid known to us. Ceres was discovered on January 1, 1801.

THE MOON MYSTERY:

The cosmonaut could not have heard the sound made by the monster behind him. There is no atmosphere on the moon and sound cannot be heard..



4. The temple of Lord Jagannath in Puri. Every year these images are placed on enormous wooden chariots and pulled by thousands of devotees to commemorate the journey of Krishna from Gokul to Mathura.

5. **28th February.** At the rate of net 1 metre a day he climbs 27 metres in 27 days. On the 28th day he reaches the top.

6.

$$\begin{array}{c} \exists 4 + 41 = 1 \\ \downarrow \\ \exists 4 = 41 - 7 \end{array}$$

7. a. Maharashtra.
b. Gondwana (M.P.)
c. Coorg (Karnataka)
d. Nagaland.

NEWS FLASH

Smallest

India recently witnessed elections to the Lok Sabha and to the assemblies in some States. Elections were also held in Jammu and Kashmir, which has been under President's Rule for some years. That state had the distinction of having the smallest polling station in the country. The place Hanfallo in the Ladakh district of Kashmir had a polling station for just nine of its voters. It is located at the high

altitude of 5,000 metres above the sea level.

Not far away, in Tibet, which is part of the most populous country in the world—China, there is a town which has only three residents. They are 72-year-old Sangqu and his two daughters, of Yumen which is 550 k.m. south-east of the Tibetan capital of Lhasa. The father was the head of the town once—a position held by the older of the two daughters.

Tallest

The tallest building in the world will soon be commissioned in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia. The Petronas Towers, when completed, will be 445 metres tall. The height includes that of the TV antennas on top of the building. The Sears Tower in Chicago, U.S.A., is 435 metres tall.

Biggest

China has another distinction. It has the biggest railway station in Asia, in Beijing, the country's capital. It can receive or despatch 60 to 90 trains at a time. It is expected that the station will be used by 600,000 persons per day. Prime Minister Li Peng declared open the station in the third week of January and flagged off the Man Tse Tung Train carrying a huge metal figure of that great Chinese leader. The station took three years to be constructed employing 20,000 labourers per day.

The capital of another Asian country—Bangkok of Thailand—boasts of the biggest

restaurant in the world. It is the size of three football fields joined together—some 3.34 acres, the waiters move about on roller-skates! The restaurant called, Royal Dragon, has 1,200 employees, including 540 waiters and waitresses, and 325 chefs. Nearly 5,000 people can use the restaurant at the same time; however, if one were to leave his seat for a few minutes, he might find it occupied by someone else. There will always be a few people waiting to be ushered into their seats. Some 3,000 dishes are prepared every hour. Don't think that it is just one massive hall; the eating places are housed in several dozens of buildings.

IMMORTAL FRIENDSHIP

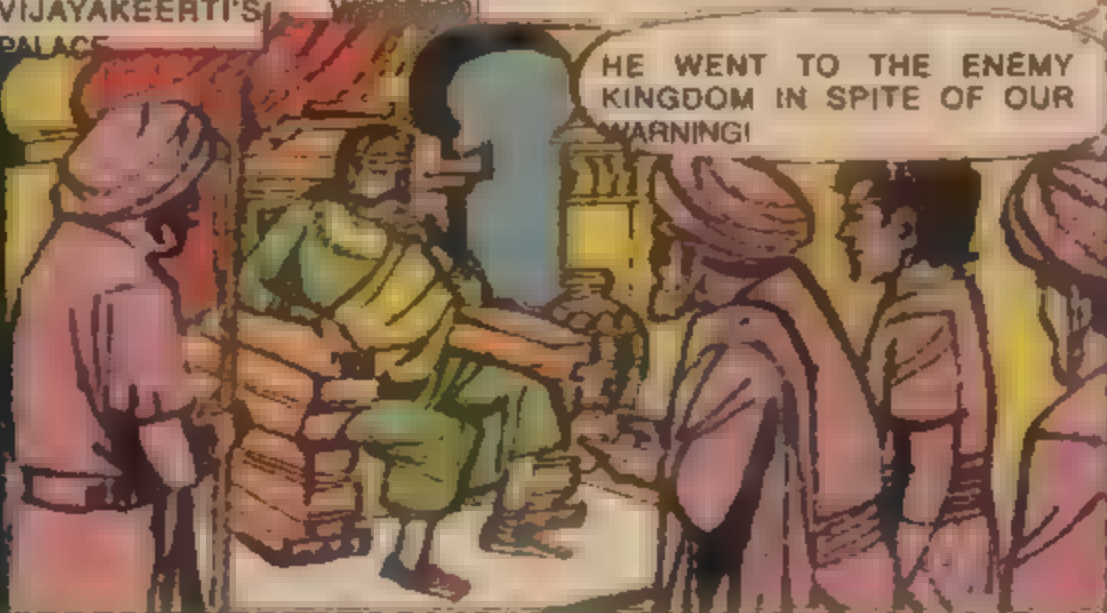
By BUJJAI

Once upon a time, the kingdom of Vidarbha was ruled by a benevolent king, Vijayakeerti. All his subjects were happy and contented. The neighbouring kingdom was ruled by a greedy king named Prachanda who was regularly plundering other kingdoms nearby.

ONE DAY, IN VIJAYAKEERTI'S PALACE

OUR RAJGURU HAS NOT YET RETURNED. I'M WORRIED!

HE WENT TO THE ENEMY KINGDOM IN SPITE OF OUR WARNING!



WE MUST DEPUTE OUR SPIES TO FIND OUT HIS WHEREABOUTS AND BRING HIM BACK SAFELY!

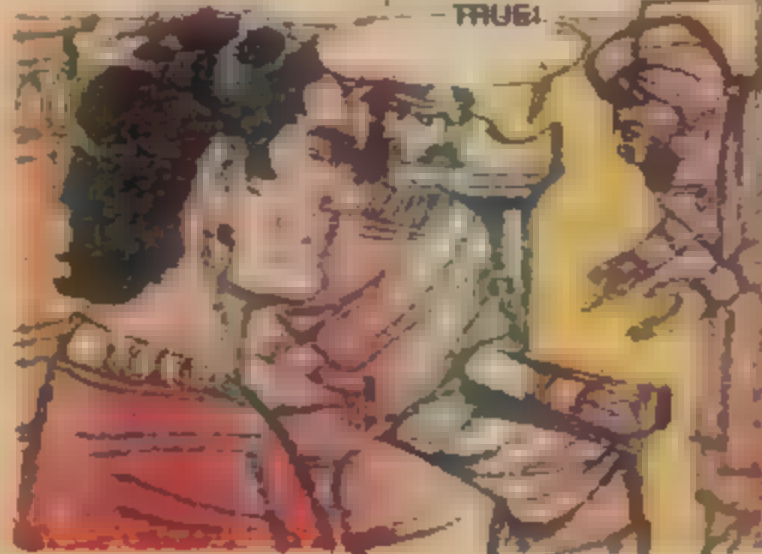
WHO'LL GO TO ENEMY LAND? IT'S VERY RISKY!

O KING! I SHALL GO, IF YOU ORDER ME. I'LL BRING HIM BACK!



YOUR MAJESTY! SUMITRA'S WIFE IS ABOUT TO BECOME A MOTHER. IT'S NOT FAIR TO SEND HIM!

O KING! IT'S MY SACRED DUTY TO SERVE MY COUNTRY WHEN NEEDED! PLEASE PERMIT ME TO GO!



TRUE!

SUMITRA VOLUNTEERS TO GO TO THE ENEMY KINGDOM TO BRING BACK THE RAJGURU.

YOUNG MAN! YOUR LOYALTY AND PATRIOTISM IS COMMENDABLE! BUT...



... IT'S A VERY RISKY JOB TO ENTER PRACHANDA'S KINGDOM!



I KNOW THAT WELL. PRAY ME TO DO MY DUTY!

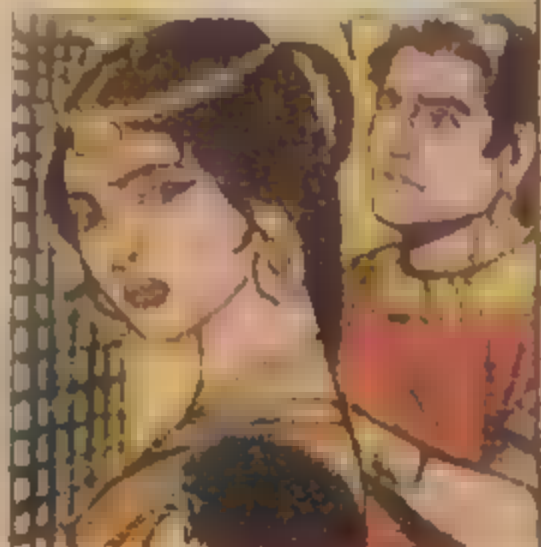


TAKING THE KING'S PERMISSION, SUMITRA REACHES HOME.

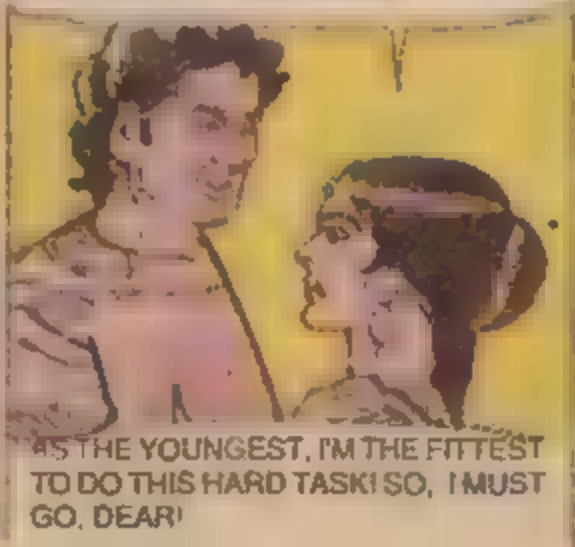


NO! YOU SHALL NOT GO! YOU MAY SURVIVE IN THE TIGER'S DEN, BUT NOT IN PRACHANDA'S KINGDOM!

YET, FOR THE SAKE OF OUR KING AND OUR LAND, I MUST GO!



THE YOUNGEST OF THE HEROS IN OUR KINGDOM. WHY SHOULD I NOT GO?



AS THE YOUNGEST, I'M THE FITTEST TO DO THIS HARD TASK! SO, I MUST GO, DEAR!

AFTER CONVINCING HIS WIFE SUMITRA STARTS FOR THE ENEMY KINGDOM



SUMITRA
PROACHES THE
ENEMY KINGDOM



NO ONE WILL SUSPECT ME IN THIS
TRADER'S GUISE!

HEY! STOP! WHO ARE YOU? HAVE
YOU COME FROM?



WHY DO YOU STOP ME AND
QUESTION ME, SIR? I'M A
TRADER! YOU MAY OPEN MY
BOXES AND SEE FOR YOUR-
SELF.



ALL RIGHT! YOU MAY GO!



THANK GOD! I'VE CROSSED ONE
HURDLE!

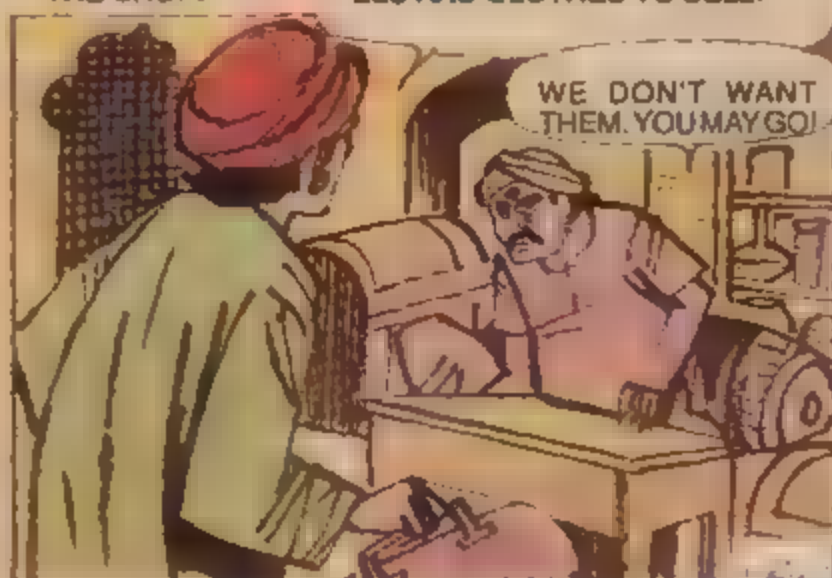


SUMITRA ENTERS
THE SHOP.



AH! THIS IS THE SHOP
MENTIONED TO ME. I
SHALL ENTER UNSEEN!

SUMITRA ENTERS
THE SHOP.



SIR! I'VE SOME PRECIOUS JEW-
ELS AND CLOTHES TO SELL!

WE DON'T WANT
THEM. YOU MAY GO!

SUMITRA, IN THE GUISE OF A TRADER, INSIDE THE SHOP...

DON'T SEND ME AWAY LIKE THAT, PLEASE SEE MY WARES! PLEASE!

SUMITRA OPENS ONE BOX AND SHOWS A SIGN. THE SHOP KEEPER NODS.

WHY HAVE YOU COME? IT'LL BE RISKY IF THE ROYAL GUARDS SUSPECT YOU!



OUR RAJGURU IS REPORTED TO HAVE COME HERE SOME DAYS AGO! THE KING IS MUCH WORRIED... NOT KNOWING ANYTHING ABOUT HIS WELFARE.

HUSH!

THE ROYAL GUARDS ARE COMING THIS SIDE!

WE DON'T LIKE ANY OF THE THINGS YOU'VE BROUGHT! PLEASE GO!



ON SEEING THE GUARDS, THE SHOPKEEPER CHANGES THE TOPIC. SUMITRA COMES OUT...

HAI! WHERE'S MY HORSE? IT HAS DISAPPEARED, STRANGE!

NOT KNOWING WHAT TO DO, HE LEAVES THE PLACE. EVER SINCE SUMITRA'S ARRIVAL, SINGHIDORA THE ROBBER KEEPS AN EYE ON HIM.

THIS FELLOW MUST BE HAVING SOMETHING PRECIOUS!



SPORTS

yesterday
today
tomorrow



Shortest, Briefest

The shortest Men's Singles Tennis Final in the 20th century till now was played in 1936 when England's Fred Perry beat Gottfried Von

Cramm, a German baron, in 40 minutes at Wimbledon. The score ■ 6-1, 6-1, 6-0. In Wimbledon history, it was the second briefest. The first took place before 1900. In 1935, the two players had met in the Final at Wimbledon itself and the winner was Perry. For that matter, after 1936, no British player had won the Men's singles final at Wimbledon. When the British Arthur Gore won his third Wimbledon title in 1909, Perry was just 45 days old. Britain had to wait for 25 years before it produced ■ champion, and it was none other than Perry who beat Australian Jack Crawford in 1934. The prize money was £ 25 (\$ 38). Incidentally, Fred Perry passed away on February 2, aged 86.

Veteran Captain

A little over a month before Perry died, England lost another great sportsman when cricketer Peter May passed away four days before his 65th birthday. May had captained the England team in more Tests than any other English Captain. His tally was 41 Tests of which England won 21 and drew 10. He made

a century (138) on his Test debut in 1951 against South Africa. He played in all 66 Tests. His highest individual score ■ 285 not out in 1957 when he and Colin Cowdrey scored



411 in partnership for the fourth wicket against W.Indies.

Indian's World Record

The credit goes to 85-year-old Sant Singh of Punjab when he leapt 6.58m in triple jump at the 18th National Veterans Athletic Championships at Mysore on April 13. He erased the 1990 record of 6.28m made by Mc Fadden, of the U.S.A.

Woman referee

History was made when the 36-year-old New Zealander, Linda Black, became the first ever woman referee for a men's international soccer game. In February New Zealand was playing a Danish team at Newtown Park, in Wellington. At the end of the game, both teams ■ pleased with her. There were no complaints from either side!

New pasteurs

India's Cricketer Vinod Kambli, who was left out of the national team to play in Singapore and Sharjah after his reported poor performance ■ the 12-Nation World Cup in February-March this year, is seriously contemplating to move over to New Zealand. He has been assured of a place in the New Zealand team within one year of his joining a club there. India-born Deepak Patel is already playing for New Zealand.



All Because of a Bad Dream

Kamala was an arrogant young lady. Being the daughter of a wealthy father, she thought no end of herself. After her marriage, she went over to her husband's home. Even there she did not change her attitude and continued to put on an arrogant air. Whatever her mother-in-law did in that house did not satisfy her or receive her approval. She always found fault with the old lady.

On her return from the temple, she would be asked: "Did you pray to God to come and take you from here for ever?" The lady decided that she would not go to the temple again. Instead she would sit in the verandah and be satisfied with whatever food Kamala gave her. And Kamala considered feeding her as an act of charity. She would comment: "After eating to her content, she spends time carrying tales against me to everybody who passes this way! If she

were to ask for a second helping, Kamala would crib: "My husband does not earn that much income!" And if the lady were to refuse a second helping, her remarks would be: "Oh! You're trying to look lean so that you can tell everybody that you're being famished to death!"

Kamala's husband Ganpat was often witness to what was happening at home. But he did not interfere or intervene to bring about peace between his mother and his wife. He was almost like a puppet in her hands.

It was past midnight when Kamala suddenly woke up after a bad dream. A dark and cloudy sky. A frame made of four bamboo sticks. It was something like a cot with long green coconut leaves. Four persons were carrying the frame. An old lady was following them. She had a walking stick in her hand and was walking with difficulty. That was her dream,



which frightened her very much.

She could not get back her sleep for a long time. She just waited for dawn and when she knew that Ganpat was awake, she narrated her dream to him, and how she was frightened. "Any dream *after* dawn is normally said to have no effect. But, Kamala your dream took place before dawn, which is not a good omen. I wonder what effect it will have on us, what's in store for us! Something bad might happen!" he said, after looking skywards with folded hands.

"You mean there could be some tragedy? Oh God!" wailed Kamala.

"It's quite possible!" remarked

Ganpat. "All right, we'll do this way, Kamala. A yogi visits this place for four or five days in a year, and sits beneath that banyan tree near the temple, giving advice to people to solve their problems and ward off dangers. We shall consult him. I had a dream before our marriage, and I had taken advice from him."

"And what kind of dream was it?" asked Kamala, anxiously. "Was it equally bad like the one I had last night?"

"That also was a pre-dawn dream," replied Ganpat. "Fortunately, a good dream. A beautiful damsel was walking in front of me. I followed her wherever she went. At last she went into a mangrove and just disappeared! Wherever she went, there was a lovely smell!"

"And what did the yogi say about the dream?" asked Kamala curiously.

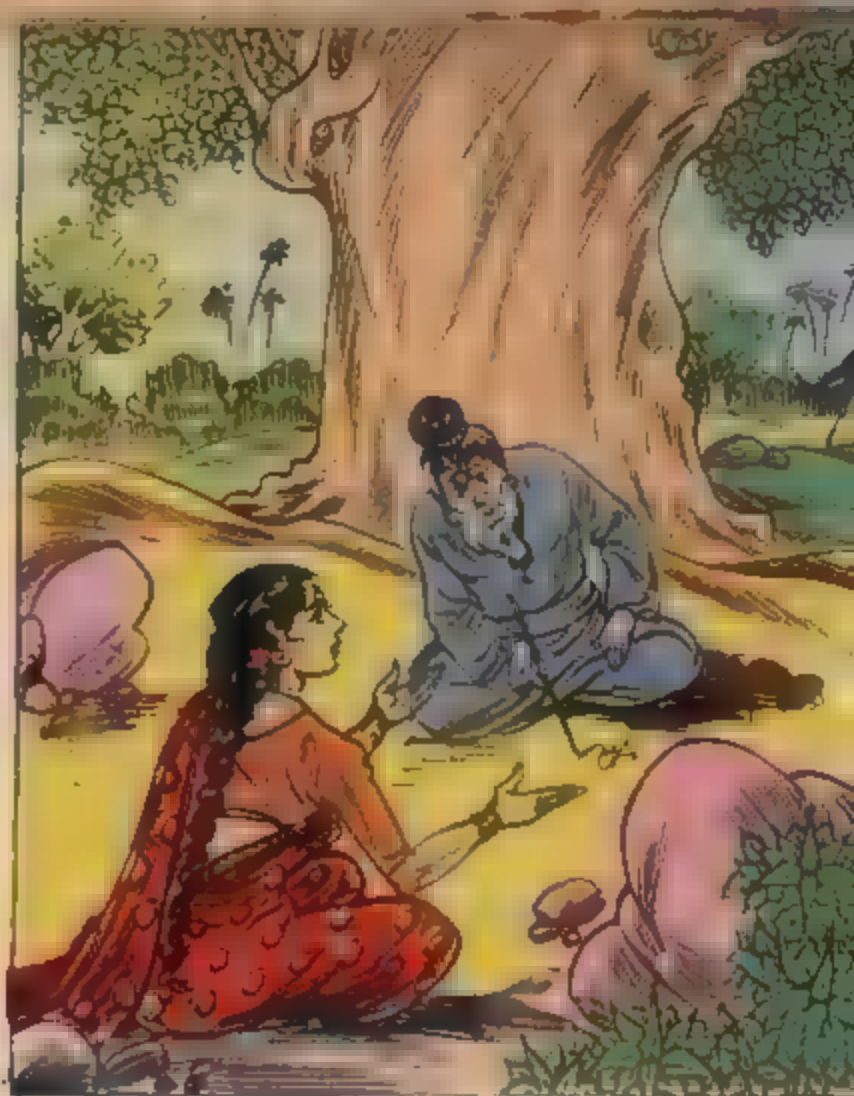
"I explained my dream to the yogi with as much detail as possible," said Ganpat. "All the while he was making calculations on his fingers. He then told me the significance of the dream which meant that the kind of happiness that I experienced in the mangrove would come to me in real life. And that the beautiful damsel whom I had seen in my dream had spread a delicate aroma around her

implied that I was to marry a beautiful woman soon. Also that the woman I would marry would have the name of a flower with a sweet smell, and she would be soft and sweet-tempered. See how the yogi's predictions have come true in my case!" he concluded, looking at his wife.

Kamala was now convinced. "True, my name is that of a flower (lotus); I don't lack in beauty. In fact, everybody says that I'm a charming woman. And wherever I am – whether I am in my parents' home or here – I earn people's respect and consideration. And we lead a comfortable life. No, I must go and meet the yogi if he's here. I must find out the meaning of my dream from him."

Ganapat approved of her proposal. He found out that the yogi was then on a visit to their village. Kamala started for the temple rather late in the evening. "I'm going out for a while," she warned her mother-in-law. "Don't go out yourself to carry tales about me to the neighbours."

Soon, Kamala found herself standing in front of the yogi. He saw her when he opened his eyes. "Why have you come, young woman?" he asked her. "So sit down and tell me your problem."



"Sire, I saw a bad dream yesterday," she replied and narrated the details. The yogi was making calculations with his fingers and then he meditated for some time. He then said: "Yes, there's a lot of meaning to your dream. A young woman who is harassing her mother-in-law and not giving any respect to her dies in childbirth and is carried to *Yamaloka* by four messengers of the God of Death. Her mother-in-law follows the messengers pleading for the return of her daughter-in-law, so that she can give birth to a male baby who would ultimately perform her obsequies. The old woman is mak-



ing tearful pleas to the messengers to release the dead woman. "The yogi stopped for a while for meditating. He again opened his eyes. "Young woman, do I take it that you too are harassing your mother-in-law? You're unnecessarily finding fault with her for anything and everything. You're hurting her very much. And you haven't yet become a mother. Who knows your end is not near?"

When she heard all this from the yogi, Kamala started shivering from head to foot. She perspired profusely and her heart was beating fast. Her throat was parched; she was unable to speak a word. "It's all true, O wise

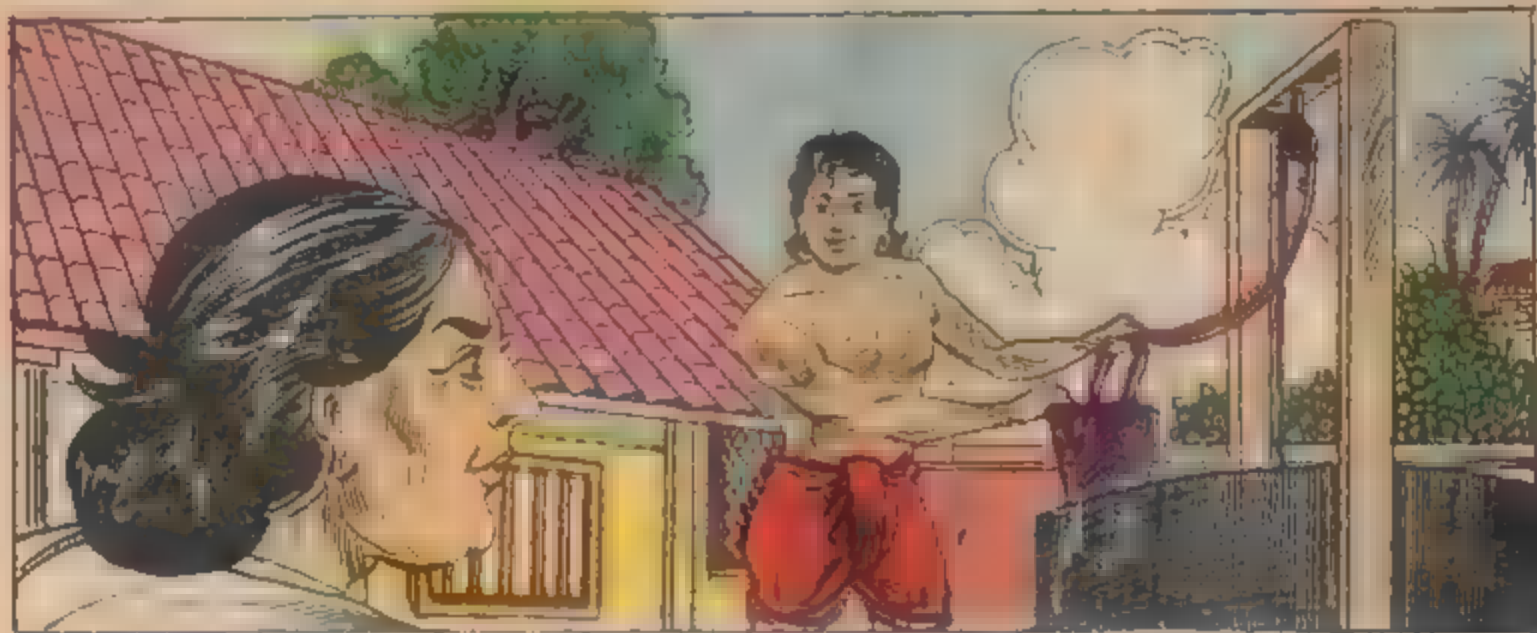
man!" She managed to confess. Even then, do I believe that the old woman following my body and pleading for me is my mother-in-law?" she asked unbelievably.

"Don't have any doubts, young lady" said the yogi. "It's your mother-in-law and none else. She's a good, virtuous woman. And if you're torturing such a woman, where else would you go, except Naraka, the nether world?"

Kamala was now overtaken by remorse and grief. "Please tell me, can I atone for my sin?"

The yogi once again went into meditation. "Yes, there's something that can offset your behaviour hither - to," he said. "You must obey me and follow my instructions in the days to come. First, you must show respect to your mother-in-law. She must find in you a caring, loving daughter-in-law. She would certainly bless you. Soon a son will be born to you. By then, the ill-effects of your dream would have blown off. You'll come to enjoy peace and prosperity, and you won't have to go to Naraka." The yogi blessed her and sent her away.

The moment Kamala stepped inside the house, she rushed to her mother-in-law and fell at her feet



and expressed regret for her actions. "I was all the while arrogant, Amma! I was unable to distinguish your love and affection for me. Please forgive me, mother! I must have your blessings!" Copious tears flowed along her cheeks as she said all this.

The old lady hugged her and stroked her head in affection. "I've forgotten everything! Take it easy, and get back to your chores. And don't worry about me."

The next morning, she went up to the well to fetch water when she saw Ganpat attending to his ablutions. "Son, what happened to Kamala? I see in her a sudden change! She is all love and respect for me! What *mantra* did you give her?"

Ganpat only smiled. "She had a bad dream, and must have gone to the yogi at the temple. And he would have given her some advice. He's a very wise yogi and he's able to predict correctly."

"Is that so?" remarked his mother. "If so, I must also call on him and pay my obeisance."

"That's a good idea, mother" said Ganpat. "I too wish to see him. But, mother, I heard that he has already left for the next village. We'll have to wait for his next visit."

The lady collected water and went into the house. Ganpat had a mischievous smile on his face.

You must have guessed who the yogi was? Who?

Welcome is the best cheer
Delays are dangerous



Reap as you sow

There were once a few kingdoms surrounding the Vindhya mountains. Malaipuri was one of them. When King Malaiketu was on his death bed, Prince Chandraketu was hardly twenty. Soon after he ascended the throne, he disclosed his intention. He must annex as many of the neighbouring kingdoms as possible. Unfortunately, Malaipuri did not have an army capable of undertaking long-drawn out wars.

Prime Minister Muktananda decided to caution the young ruler. "It's better that you give up your ambition for the present. You must get married so that we'll have a queen. And then you must enjoy a peaceful rule and be satisfied with a happy and contented people."

The Prime Minister's advice was not acceptable to Chandraketu. "That's not fair, Muktananda," remarked the king. "I shall earn a lot of

income from the kingdom and spend a major portion of the wealth for improving the army. And then I shall launch on my campaign of annexation. My vassals will then line up with offers of marriage with their daughters."

Chandraketu devised various methods to make money. He divided the army into small groups and sent them for incursions and skirmishes and slow annexations. The soldiers not only usurped territories but plundered those places and brought back money and priceless goods for the king. The people of those places rushed to their rulers and complained of the loss of territory and property. The rulers sent them back assuring them of full protection.

One of them, Veersimha, sent an emissary to Malaipuri, to request Chandraketu to stop incursions and plunder. The King told the emissary:

"I've received complaints from my people that your soldiers are straying into Malaipuri and harassing my subjects. Our action is in retaliation of such mischief. You go and tell your King that he should put a stop to all that. Then we shall also keep to our border."

After the emissary had left, Muktananda told Chandraketu: "That was not a correct strategy. All our neighbours will join together and attack us from different sides." The Prime Minister could foresee what could happen.

"Enough! Chandraketu snubbed the Prime Minister. "I now have enough money to expand our army, and I'll send them to crush all the rulers before they even think of leaving their boundaries.

But before the Malaipuri army could muster together, Veersimha's troops were already inside that king-

dom. Chandraketu's soldiers had gone away in different directions to plunder and loot people. So he could not protect his fort properly. Chandraketu escaped through a secret tunnel. The Prime Minister was with him. "What shall we do now, Muktananda?" the king asked, anxiously. When he spoke his lips were trembling.

"Right now you're not a King, and I'm no longer ■ Prime Minister," said Muktananda. "You lost your kingdom itself when you thought of only plundering others. You've lost your prestige. You can't show your face out. If you do that, the enemy will cut off your head. There's only one escape. Run and leave the country as quick as possible! And hide yourself in some secure place!"

Chandraketu did not hesitate any further. He ran and ran and escaped into the deep jungle.





What kind of vehicles ply on super highway?

- Muralidharan, Cochin

One will not see any vehicles on super highway! When computers, telephones, and communication satellite systems are inter linked so as to provide information on any subject to any point in the global network, it is called super highway of information. If a computer is connected to the super highway, by tapping particular codes, one can have access to a treasure-house of information on a specified subject. Super highway is nothing like the famous *autobahn* of Europe.

Before the start of a game, a coin is tossed and the rival captains call "head" or "tail". What is the head, and what is the tail of a coin?

- Rupa Mishra, Kanpur

In olden days, coins were struck by the rules of a kingdom or a country. It was their prerogative and a sign of their authority. Invariably, one side of the coin carried an engraving of the ruler's head and face or a bust, enframed within a decorative border. Naturally this side was known as the head of the coin. If one side (obverse) was the head, the other side (reverse) had to be the tail. And the tail of the coin contained information like the value of the coin, the date of mint, the name of the country or kingdom, etc. These days, instead of the heads of the rulers, the coins carry the portraits of people whom the countries wish to honour (in India, Mahatma Gandhi, Jawaharlal Nehru, Indira Gandhi, Dr. Ambedkar, and others) or a graphic representation of an institution or a theme (United Nations, UNESCO, WHO, FAO, Family Planning, Grow More Food, etc.)

How did expression 'hat-trick' come into being?

- Ramalingamurthy, Kurnool

The word hat-trick came with cricket, when a bowler dismissed three batsmen with three consecutive balls, the feat was hailed as a hat-trick, thus earning for himself a bonus. Subsequently, the expression was used in other sports and games, too-like football, hockey, baseball, horse-racing, etc. In every case, there have to be a string of three achievements or successes.





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